THE BYSTANDER]
Vol. CIX.—No. 1417

FEBRUARY 11, 1931

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"GAMBLING AND YOUR EGO": By WALTER S. HIATT

# the BYSTANDER

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'BRITANNIA AND EVE' SOARED INTO PUBLIC FAVOUR BY ITS SPLENDID SHORT STORIES

# DOES EVERYONE PITY A MAN WITH DAUGHTERS?

IN "I'D RATHER BE A WOMAN"
by Lady Drummond Hay

"How many men rise above the average? More women rise above the average in their individual stations of life. Many do it by virtue of that inherited power and influence which found expression in the spectacular careers of immortal heroines of real romance, adventure and sacrifice; others by personal effort, tenacity and cool repudiation of the existence of a traditionally accepted sex-inferiority-complex.

Ninety-nine women out of a hundred say they would rather be men than women. Handicapped by this inferiority-complex, incubated in the nursery, they imagine themselves deprived of a superiority of advantage, which is in reality but a shadow of their own birthright.

Generations of mothers have instilled the inferiority-complex into their daughters, who after spasmodic spells in the teens and twenties, of surprise, resentment and rebellion, proceed to repeat the tradition in their own families and nurseries. Putting aside America, where women numerically in the minority, have been considered and courted as in no other country, girls all over the world rank second to their brothers. Everyone pities a man with daughters and no son. The tragedy of no heir, be it only to his father's watch and chain, is just as real in England as it is China!"

*It's good to go on reading . . . .*

## *FEBRUARY ISSUE ON SALE NOW*

"I'D RATHER BE A WOMAN" by Lady Drummond Hay
"THE MOON AT CARTHAGE" by Marjorie Bowen
"EVERYWOMAN" by May Edginton
"THE 'CANNON FODDER' OF INDUSTRY" by Joan Woollcombe
"THE CAMEL'S BACK" by Mollie Panter-Downes
"LA BELLE GABY" by Jeanne Bordeux
"ADVICE I MIGHT HAVE TAKEN" by Arthur Mills
"HOLLYWOOD'S SHOPS AND SHAMS" by Margaret Chute
"THE STORY OF COLA DI RIENZI, THE ROMAN DELIVERER" described by Norman Hill. Painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"THE FLAMING CHARIOT" by Guy Gilpatric
"THE CHILDREN AND ADVENTURERS OF THE THEATRE" by Hannen Swaffer
"ALL THE WORLD—AND LITTLE BILLING" by Sydney Tremayne
"THE WORLD IS RED" by F. Britten Austin
"THE KING RIDES BY" by Hilda Sylvaine

FASHION, FICTION, BETTER HOUSEKEEPING SPORT, MOTORING, THE THEATRE—ALL ARE EMBRACED IN THE NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

BRITANNIA AND EVE

ONE SHILLING

The Bystander, February 11, 1931

# the BYSTANDER

No. 1417. Vol. CIX.

Sasha

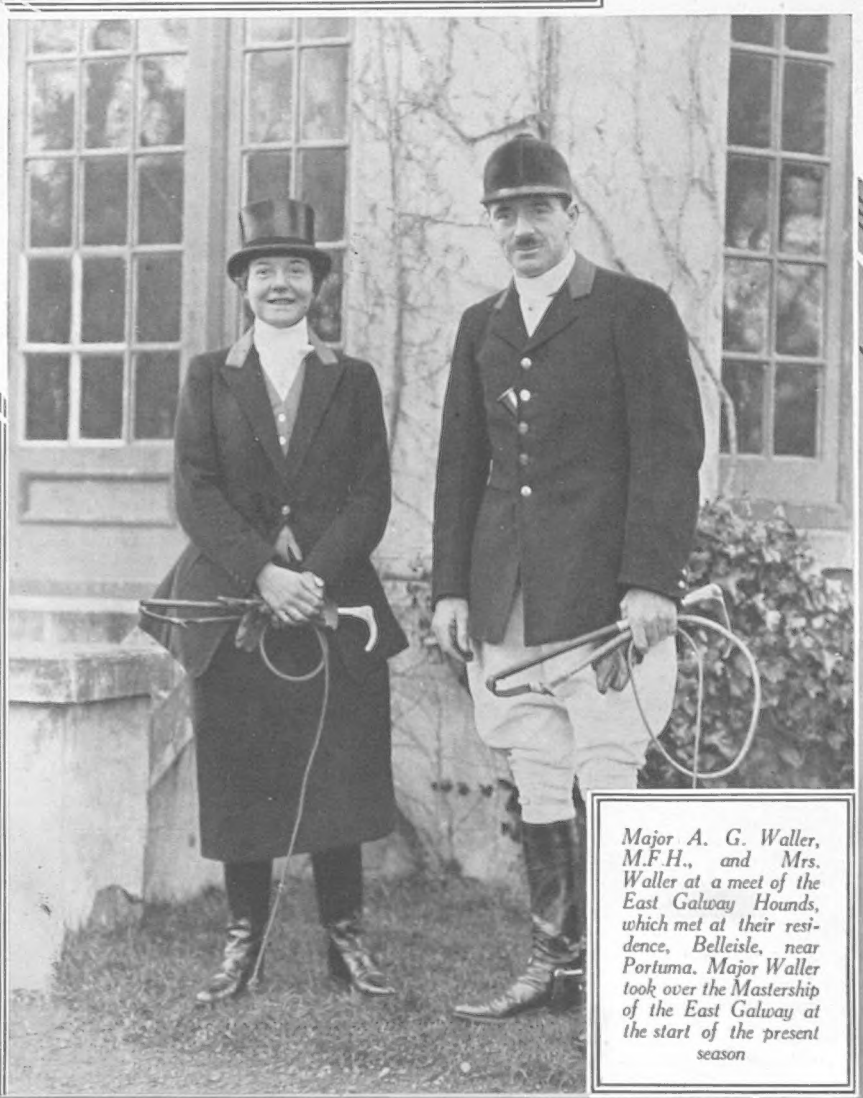
## LADY (HAMILTON) GRANT

*The pretty wife of Sir Alfred Hamilton Grant, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., who takes part in so many balls and pageants given for charity, and, under the name of Margaret Cochran, recently appeared in the West End in "A Marriage Has Been Disarranged." Lady Grant is likely to be seen in film production in the near future*

# IN THE IRISH COUNTIES

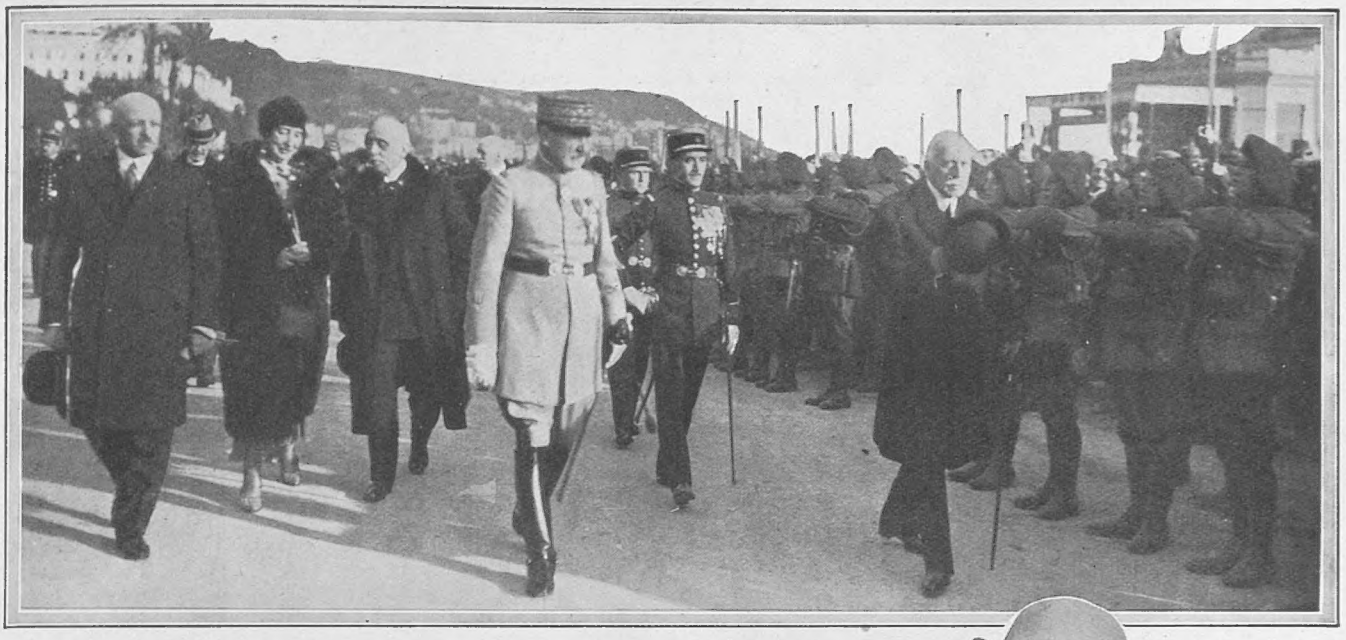
*The Countess of Clanwilliam with her son, Lord Gillford, and her two daughters, Lady Elizabeth Meade and Lady Mary Meade. The photograph was taken at Montalto, near Ballynahinch Spa, the County Down seat of the Earl and Countess, who have forsaken Switzerland for Ireland this winter*

*The Earl of Altamont, the Joint-Master of the Galway Blazers, at a meet at Dunsandle, the residence of Mr. Bowes Daly, who divides the Mastership with him*



*Major A. G. Waller, M.F.H., and Mrs. Waller at a meet of the East Galway Hounds, which met at their residence, Belleisle, near Portuma. Major Waller took over the Mastership of the East Galway at the start of the present season*

*Photos Vyvyan Poole*



*The Duke of Connaught reviewing the Guard of Honour of the 122nd Alpine Chasseurs at the opening of the new Promenade des Anglais at Nice. Included in the group is the Duchesse de Vendôme*

# the passing hour

THE Empire Crusaders have evidently left their winter quarters in the manner of Cæsar's legionaries, and propose to make the spring a warm one for the opposition. General Critchley, of the Greyhound Racing Association, who was the youngest brigadier in France during the War, is an ideal candidate for East Islington. Tall, broad, energetic, and sporting, he has tremendous lungs, and a pretty wife. It would be difficult to imagine a better combination. The fact that he will represent the United Empire Party as well as the Crusaders is a most important point, and one that may prove the finger-post to an entirely new orientation in politics.

FOR it has been suggested in certain quarters that Mr. Winston Churchill, having severed his official connection with Mr. Baldwin, may become the Parliamentary spearhead of a national anti-Socialist party, backed by all the weight of the Beaverbrook and Rothermere press. This would indeed give the Socialists and Conservatives and Liberals alike something to think about. But the present political stalemate in the House of Commons cannot be allowed to continue, and no doubt the hour will produce not only a leader, but also a party. In the meantime, one feels sorry for Miss Thelma Cazalet, the Conservative candidate for East Islington, who, as soon as she thought that her troubles were at an end with the retirement of Mr. P. Springman, suddenly found herself faced with a far more formidable opponent.

CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S record speed of 245 miles an hour is another step in the ladder of English motoring supremacy. It is all the more admirable when one realises that Captain Campbell plays a lone hand, and is not financed by anybody. There is no other exception to this rule. It is true that, having broken the record, he will automatically receive bonuses from various interested manufacturers which ought to be worth several thousands of pounds to him, and yet they will only just defray the cost of the car and the expedition. Another remarkable

*Central News*

*SIR BASIL ZARAHOFF*

*The mystery financier of Europe, who is lying seriously ill at Monte Carlo. Sir Basil, who was born in Smyrna eighty years ago, has lived a most secluded life since the death of his wife in 1926*

## MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

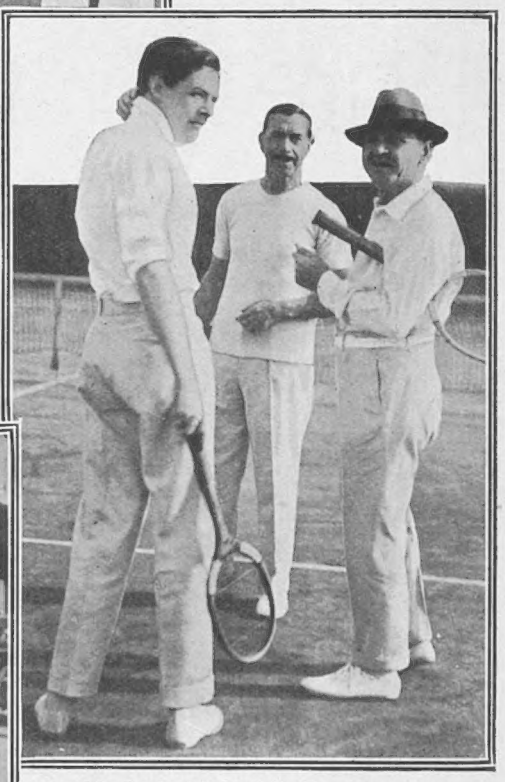
point about his achievement is that Captain Campbell is forty-six years old — ten years older than his nearest rival.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL, apart from inheriting the £250,000 which has enabled him to follow his hobby without too much thought of expense, has always been unlucky. Time and again some achievement of his, like his South African exploit, was capped within a few hours. Tall, dark, lean, and good-looking, he is yet another proof that it is the Celt, and not the Saxon, who feels the lure of high speed most. Segrave was Irish, he is a Scot, and Parry Thomas was a Welshman. The first person to tell me that he had broken the record was Captain Barnato, who had been telephoned to by one newspaper after another for his comments when the news came through. "I always thought he would do it," he said, "and I am only too glad that he has succeeded."

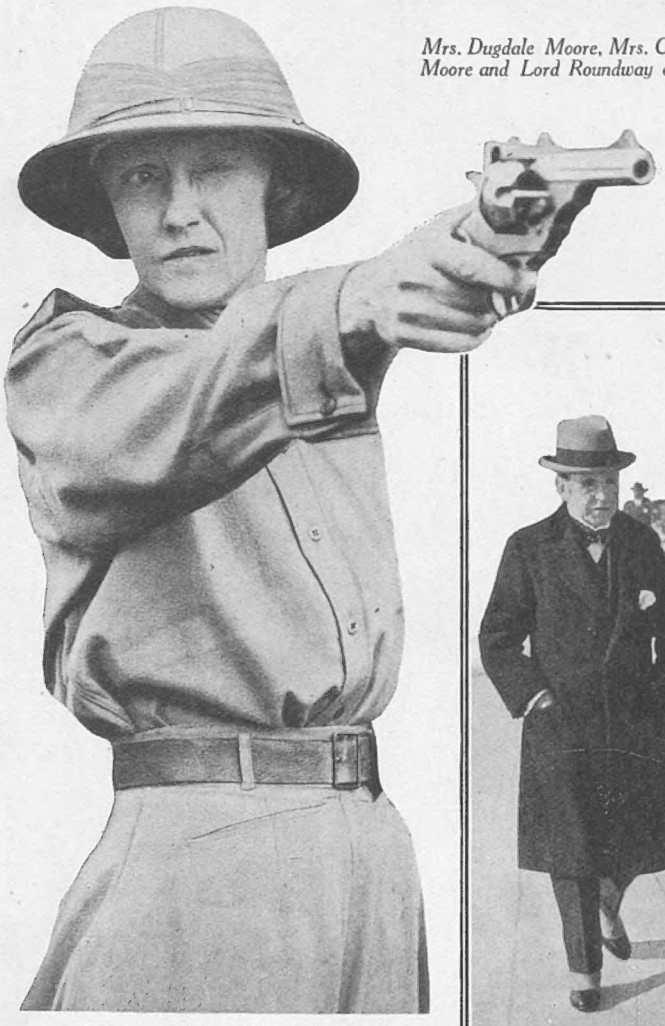
NOW that Great Britain has re-established her position as holder of the world's land speed record, it is most satisfactory to know that, thanks to Lady Houston, we can defend our air record also.

*Sport and General*

*Mrs. Dugdale Moore, Mrs. Creasy, Mr. Dugdale Moore and Lord Roundway on the courts at the Gallia Club at Cannes during the recent lawn tennis tournament, which attracted a good entry*



*Mr. Rowland Leigh (left) who is responsible for the English version of "Wonder Bar" at the Savoy Theatre, Major Lyons and Mr. W. Somerset Maugham about to enjoy a men's doubles on the Carlton Courts at Cannes*



*Fox Photo*

*Mrs. T. A. Glover, who is accompanying her husband, the well-known explorer, on his new venture. They propose to penetrate darkest Africa from Senegal to Somaliland, and will follow a route hitherto unknown to white explorers*

*Sport and General*

*Sir John Lavery, R.A., and Lady Lavery enjoying the winter sunshine at Cannes. Sir John is now convalescing on the Riviera after his serious illness*

VILLARS has been one of the gayest places in Switzerland this year. Any number of ski races have been held, many of them having the quaintest names. There are, for example, the Silver Tortoise race, the Mug's race, the Bishop's race, and the Witches' Cauldron races. In addition, of course, there have been any number of bobsleigh and skeleton events. Unlike St. Moritz

# HOLIDAY-MAKING IN SWITZERLAND

Central News

*A group of European "Beauty Queens" who have recently been entertained in Paris, where the selection of the girl to represent Europe took place last week. Seated are seen the Misses Italy (left), Esthonia, Belgium, France, who was adjudged to be the winner, Hungary, England (Miss Betty Mason, of London, who was among the first five in the judge's selection) and Denmark. Standing (left), Misses Yugo-Slavia, Austria, Roumania, Germany, Turkey, Greece, Holland and Spain*

and Adelboden this year, the vast majority of the visitors at Villars are English. Adelboden is, of course, still overshadowed by the triple tragedy on the Aletch Glacier.

S

NO-FALL ski races in Switzerland are becoming increasingly popular; and rightly so. The acid test of good skiing is not clever telemarks or Christiania swings. It is the art of standing up in all conditions. No-fall races were staged last week at Wengen, Grindelwald, and Mürren. St. Moritz, on the other hand, is paying all its attention to the world championship bobsleigh races and to dancing competitions. The Marquise de Casa Maury, who seldom dances in London, as opposed to watching others doing it, won the tango competition at the Cresta Ball with her partner. The Hon. Mrs. Francis Curzon, partnered by a Hungarian, was second in the waltz competition, which was another feature of this highly successful ball.

Barratts

*MISS THELMA CAZALET*

*The official Conservative candidate in the East Islington by-election. After the withdrawal of one Empire Free Trade candidate, another, in the person of Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, has taken the field against her and the other parties' candidates*

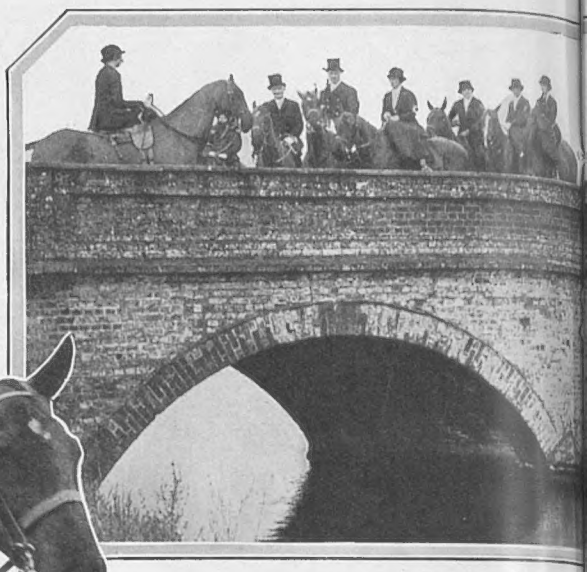
DANCE time in London is very gay again. The supper crowds have, presumably, paid off their income-tax instalments and quarterly bills, and are going about again. The Hon. Anthony Vivian's band at the Café Anglais is drawing large crowds. Lady Weymouth, Lord Stanley, and the Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Egerton have all been seen there. At Hector's new restaurant the floor continues to remain crowded. Lord Cecil Manners,

Lenare

*LADY MARY LYGON*

*The third daughter of Earl and Countess Beauchamp. Her coming-of-age this month is being celebrated by a dance in her honour*

# WITH THE CAMERA IN THE HUNTING FIELD



*An incident during a run of the Craven following the meet ... field are seen waiting on the old bridge over the river Kennet ... the fox out of the rushes along the river bank*

*Sport and General*

*Miss Clayton and Baroness Rothschild at the meet of the Cambridgeshire Foxhounds which took place recently at Diddington Hall, near St. Neots. The Joint-Masters of the pack, which numbers fifty couples, are Messrs. Douglas Crossman and G. R. C. Foster*

Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wills, and the Hon. Mrs. John Russell were all at the last gala night. Thursday nights at the Savoy are so popular that it is impossible to get a table after 11 p.m. unless one has booked in advance; and the Embassy, too, is doing a very good business.

S

TWO odd dishes were brought to my attention last week by a distinguished gourmet. One was a mixture of clear turtle soup and consommé julienne, the other was crêpes suzettes, flanked, on the same plate, by a sizeable helping of vanilla ice-cream. This sounds as bizarre as porridge and marmalade, or other classical paradoxes, but it is really rather good, and may be recommended to any hostess who wants to get a reputation for being original.

S

THE Mayfair Montmartre Ice Carnival, to be given at the Ice-Drome, Hammersmith, on February 17, gives an opportunity of seeing an interesting entertainment, and also benefiting the Greater London Fund for the Blind, of which it is in aid. The big attraction will be a ladies' ice hockey match between London and Paris, while in addition to exhibition skating by experts, Leslie Henson will preside over a "lucky draw," and Heather Thatcher will be Queen of Carnival. Tickets are only 3*s.* 6*d.*, or 10*s.* 6*d.* including dinner or supper. Miss Edith Johnston, 224, Great Portland Street, sits at the receipt of custom.

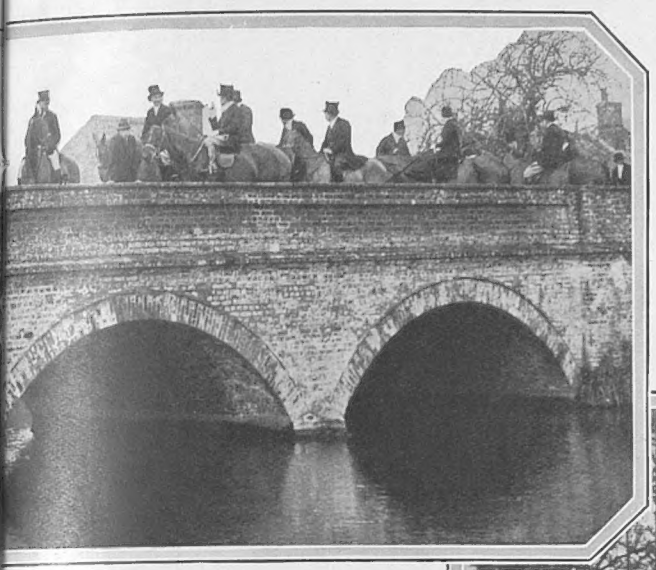
EVERYONE is much interested in the new aerodrome which is being constructed close to Mandelieu, writes our correspondent on the Riviera. The site lies close to the seashore, very near the polo ground, and there will be two long runways in different directions, giving the pilots a stretch of about a thousand yards. Of course, with all the

*News Illustrations*

*AT THE MEET*

*Viscountess Lymington at the meet of the Hampshire Hunt which took place recently at West Tisted Manor, near Alton. The "H.H." are hunted by Mr. George Evans, who took over the Mastership of the Hampshire, which dates back to about 1745, in 1926*

# HORSES IT WILL PAY TO FOLLOW



Topical

at Hidden Cottage, Hungerford. Some of the at Chilton Foliat, whilst hounds are hustling where he had taken refuge

Sport and General

*Hounds passing the parish church at Diddington, on the way to the recent meet of the Cambridgeshire at Diddington Hall, near St. Neots. The Cambridgeshire hunt about twenty square miles of country, half of which is plough and the other half pasture, lying in Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire and Bedfordshire*

clearing of the land which is necessary, this will take some time, but it is definitely promised that the ground can be used as a landing station in three weeks' time, a factor which will be extremely important in bringing the Riviera within even easier reach of the week-end visitor from London.

S

EVERYONE will sympathise with the Duchesse de Vendôme on the sad death of her husband, the Duc de Vendôme, who was one of the leading personalities in Cannes. The Duchesse, of course, is a wonderful worker in the cause of charity, and was one of the moving spirits in the great Franco - Russian gala which was one of the biggest features of this season.

S

THE King and Queen of Denmark and their suite were greeted by many well-known people on their arrival lately in Cannes. The Queen is always interested in visiting the many exceedingly attractive shops along the Croisette, while the King, when he is not sailing, does a good deal of hard bicycle exercise in the country behind Cannes.

S

THE King of Sweden is playing in the lawn tennis tournament at Nice next week, in all the double events, and has also entered at the big Beaulieu meeting (where the Duke of Connaught is the patron of the club) with "Toto" Brugnon, the most popular member of France's "big four." Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, looking prettier than ever, was "snapped" by innumerable photographers when she made her first appearance at the Carlton meeting recently.

L.N.A

*The Duke of Gloucester and his equerry, Capt. Staniforth, chatting with Mrs. Gordon Colman at a meet of the Belvoir at Narlaxton Manor, near Grantham. Owing to the heavy going, many spills were experienced during the run, but His Royal Highness was not among those to be unseated*

## RACING HINTS

*By "Old Orkney"*

**I am confident I have discovered a money spinner in COLD PUNCH. I watched this smart 'chaser from Ireland at the recent Nottingham meeting, and I shall continue to back him each way. Likely to turn up at Cheltenham.**

**GARRY LEAKEN was backed like a certainty at Gatwick. Is a dead stayer, but was called upon too late. Will win races.**

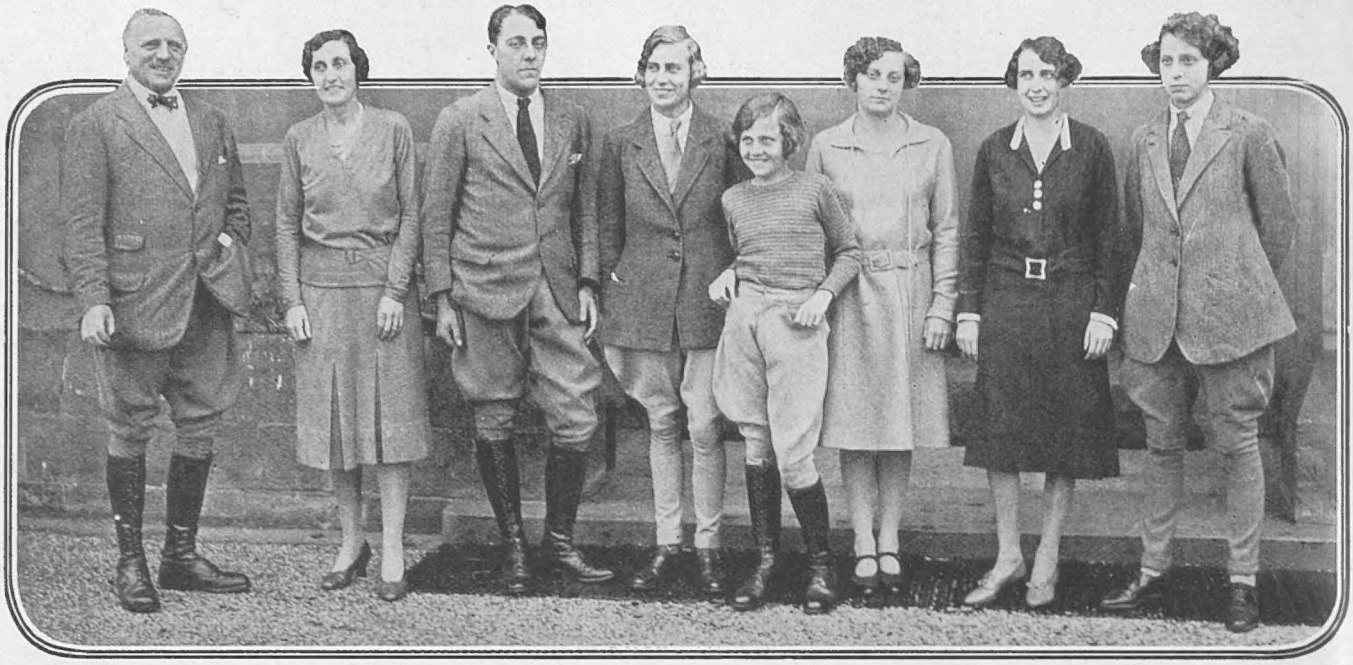
**YUARITE will pick up a 'chase before the end of the season. Showed excellent form at Kempton Park and was supported by some of the shrewdest regulars.**

**DANDY DENNIS was fancied over three miles hurdles at Kempton, and but for an unfortunate mishap at the last obstacle would undoubtedly have gone very close to winning.**

**SPECTROSCOPE was the medium for a good commission at Gatwick. Was beaten on the flat by a narrow margin after looking all over a winner at the final flight.**

**STEP FORWARD is rightly named. Won from start to finish at Kempton and must never be allowed to run loose.**

# TWO ENGAGEMENTS AND A COMING-OF-AGE



*Six hundred people will attend the coming-of-age ball at Cowdray Park on February 27 of the Hon. John Pearson, the only son of Lord and Lady Cowdray, and the festivities will last for three days. Lord and Lady Cowdray are seen above with their children, the Hon. John Pearson and his twin sister, the Hon. Mrs. George Mills, the Hon. Helena, the Hon. Daisy, the Hon. Beryl and the Hon. Brenda Pearson—Central News*

POLO is very much to the fore at Cannes just now, and there was a bigger crowd than I ever remember seeing before out at Mandelieu, when the "Prix Scarabée," given by Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, was played for. The Maharajah of Kashmir made his first appearance this season, with a strong team which beat Major Graham's after a close match, and then lost to Baron Schroeder's, which eventually proved the winners.

*Lenare*

*MISS GABRIELLE RITCHIE*

*The only daughter of the late Mr. J. W. Ritchie and of Mrs Ritchie, of Draycott Place. She is to marry Mr. John Edward Lorne Campbell Currie, the only son of the late Capt. Lorne Campbell Currie and of Mrs. Lorne Campbell Currie, of Le Havre*

*Bertram Park*

*MISS HERMIONE BULLOUGH*

*The only child of Sir George Bullough, Bart., and of Lady Bullough, whose engagement to the Earl of Durham was announced last week. The family seats of the Earl, who is the head of the Lambton family, are Lambton Castle and Fenton, Wooler, Northumberland*

IN our issue of January 28 I stated that I had heard that Madame Pola Negri had been approached by a famous restaurant to appear in cabaret, and that she had been discussing the terms of her appearance there. I am now told by Madame Pola Negri that she never received any offer, much less would she entertain one, whatever the salary that might be offered to her. She is a dramatic artist and proposes to confine herself either to films or to stage performances. She has now made her first appearance on the stage in London at the Coliseum in the sketch entitled, "A Farewell to Love," by Max Frantel and Pierre Legarde. The plot, as I am told, was evolved by Pola Negri herself. One of the objects of her appearance on the stage is to demonstrate that Pola Negri's voice is not only suitable, but will prove attractive for English speaking parts in talkie films. One of the best ways of testing such a fact is to appear before large British audiences on the stage. Mr. Reginald Tate, who appears with her, played Stanhope in the production of "Journey's End." Pola Negri, I am told, originally appeared on the stage in Warsaw at the early age of 16, and since then has achieved world-wide fame in many successful silent films. She has not yet appeared in a talkie.

*Mr. E. Phillips Oppen green during the compe*

# THE "BYSTANDER" CUP COMPETITION AT CAGNES-SUR-MER

*Mrs. Milner who, with her husband, Colonel Milner, were the runners-up in the Mixed Foursomes competition, in action on the fifth green*

*THE recent Mixed Foursomes competition for the "Bystander" Cup, on the attractive course at Cagnes-sur-Mer, proved a great success. The weather behaved itself admirably, and the competitors made the most of the bright sunshine. The competition ended in a victory for Mr. J. Quinn and Mrs. Vardy, who defeated the runners-up, Colonel and Mrs. Milner, by 3 and 2. After the competition was over, Mr. Haye Gordon, the secretary of the golf club, presented the prizes to the finalists outside the club-house.*

*A hold-up at the sixth tee during the* BYSTANDER *Cup competition. Seen above are Mr. Sykes (left), Mr. Lazenby, Mrs. Maurice, Mrs. Vardy, Mrs. Lehman, Mr. Quinn and Capt. Powell*

*Sport and General*

*heim, the famous author, holing out in good style on the fifth tition for the* BYSTANDER *Cup. A photograph of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim at work appears on page 274*

*Sport and General*

*Mr. Haye Gordon, the Secretary of the Cagnes-sur-Mer Golf Club, presenting the Cup to Mr. Quinn and Mrs. Vardy, the winners of the* BYSTANDER *Mixed Foursomes competition. Colonel and Mrs. Milner, the runners-up, are seen in the background*

# GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three . . . yes, it's me . . . how are you, Baa, darling? . . . Yes, I'm just back . . . had a good crossing and brought the most divine clothes . . . oh, marvellous ones. . . . Did we have some parties? . . . I should say so! . . . especially one . . . the night our Princes were there. . . . How well Prince George dances . . . I saw Poppy Thursby looking as chic as ever . . . and Paula Casa Maury, who is so greatly admired in French society. . . .

* * *

CLOTHES are to be unusual this Spring; "broderie-Anglais" is terribly smart for the evening and afternoon . . . one can get it in any colour. . . . Hats, or rather, absurd haloes at the back of one's head, are in that shiny-knobbly straw with an eye-veil . . . but the very smartest beret is a patchwork one . . . just like the quilts our grannies used to make. . . . I saw Mrs. Dudley-Gilroy—wife of the well-known racehorse trainer—in one, of which the predominating colours were black, leaf-green and vermilion. . . . It is nice to see Mary Cunningham-Reid about again after the birth of a second son on Christmas Day; needless to say, he is to be called Noel. . . . She has the most lovely collection of topaz, to which has been added lately a bracelet with the stones square-cut and inset with diamonds . . . it was her sister Edwina Mountbatten's present after the arrival of Noel. . . .

* * *

ANOTHER collector of unusual jewellery is Beatrice Cartwright, who has the most beautiful Persian earrings, and a glass case let into her bedroom wall contains strange and unique necklaces. . . . Mrs. Cartwright has also a pine-walled drawing-room in her Curzon Street house which is the envy of all her friends, and her dining-room has the loveliest table centre of Venetian glass on a mirror which is remarkably effective.

* * *

A NEW comet is crossing the horizon . . . her name sounds royal . . . she is dark . . . vivacious . . . petite . . . and beautiful . . . and she evidently likes Bentleys. . . . I went into the Ritz for luncheon the other day . . . it is becoming more and more like its Parisian namesake . . . for everyone was there . . . people who were just arriving in London or just departing . . . or here to stay. . . .

AT one table I saw Lady Masserene and Ferrard with one of her young sons . . . at another that smart and witty woman, Gladys McGrath, wearing the most amusing black and white turban. Barbara McCorquodale, looking spectacularly effective . . . or should I say effectively spectacular? . . . was with Mary Cunningham-Reid . . . her red hair lovely against a dark green hat . . . and Miss Deighton-Simson, a visitor from Hollywood, who further enhances its reputation for charm. . . . Last, but by no means least, there was Lois and Evan Morgan, that moment . . . more or less . . . returned from Egypt . . . lunching with the Dowager Lady Alington, and holding a court among their many acquaintances who were excitedly welcoming them home. . . . Both were sunburnt a warm chocolate colour, and both were full of stories of adventure which invariably pursues them. . . . Two other persons . . . not present at the Ritz . . . were thrilled at their return . . . the two small monkeys who dwell in a sun-ray heated cage on the stairs of 40, South Street.

*Considerable discussion will doubtless be aroused by the exhibition of Jacob Epstein's latest masterpiece on view at the Leicester Galleries, entitled "Genesis," but no one with an eye for beauty can possibly deny the enthralling loveliness of the above nude. Indeed, the only criticism that is worth considering is that in his latest works Jacob Epstein's statuary verges perilously on the pretty-pretty*

* * *

HAVE you heard the most romantic story of the roses? . . . Every day for the past two years a very lovely lady . . . who is well known to all of us . . . has received a bunch of exquisite red roses . . . she has no idea who sends them to her; the shop from which they come have their instructions by telephone . . . in a man's voice . . . and are paid in notes once a month. . . .

* * *

I SAW Christobel Russell at Hector's the other night in a most intriguing Empire dress of plum and silver brocade and wearing her hair à la Josephine, a mass of tiny curls. . . . I must say I admire her most on a horse, where she is smartness itself, besides being a wonderful rider . . . her small son Geoffrey takes after her, and is already, at the age of nine, well known in the hunting field. . . . Another . . . at that newly opened restaurant was Mrs. Sam Courtauld, wearing a lovely red dress with wide sequin-trimmed sleeves . . . she had a large party, which, of course, included her daughter Jean, who is . . . I hear . . . still ardently interested in politics. . . .

* * *

HERMIONE BULLOUGH, whose engagement was announced last week, was noted, like Patricia More, for her long plaits, which she refused to relinquish at eighteen. . . . Sir George Bullough had for many years that lovely house, the Down House, Redmarley, which overlooks the Ledbury country, of which he was M.F.H. Hermione has a great many Alsatian wolf dogs, and is far more interested in them and in country life than in the usual gaieties of debutantes. . . . She was old for her age, being an only child, and will have more in common with her fiancé than if he were one of the very immature young men . . . she always alleged "were difficult to talk to." . . .

Darling, I must stop . . . my flat bell is pealing, which means that Donald has called for me. . . . Oh, just a drive! . . . don't be so knowing . . . it's very platonic . . . Your laughter is very rude. . . . Good-bye.

# GAMES AND PASTIMES

Sport and General.

*Lady de Clifford taking a picture of her husband after his completion of the run from Norway to the Côte d'Azur in the recent Monte Carlo Rally, in which he finished fourth in the first section. Lady de Clifford is a daughter of Mrs. Meyrick, the night club proprietor, who is said to be arranging to open a club in Monte Carlo*

Sport and General.

*H. W. Austin finishing a vigorous forehand drive during the final round of the singles in the Bombay Invitation Tournament. He beat E. Andrews, the New Zealander, 6–4, 4–6, 6–4*

*Lord Burghley, the famous hurdler, chatting with T. Agutter the Huntsman of the Fitzwilliam Hounds. The photograph was taken at Burghley House, near Stamford, North Northamptonshire, when this famous hunt met there recently*

*Sir Oswald Mosley has recently taken up fencing again—he won the Public Schools' Foil and Sabre Championships in 1912—possibly with a view to making a few telling thrusts at his political opponents. He is seen with an instructor at Bertrand's famous academy, where he has been practising*

*AT THE PLAY*

# Rendering an Account of "To Account

***"To Account Rendered," at the New Theatre***

THE moral lesson we learn from Mr. John Hastings Turner's play, *To Account Rendered,* is that if, in your youth, you make a mistress of a common prostitute, it is possible you may have cause to regret it.

NICHOLAS FLEETE was ill-advised enough to follow this procedure, and being a Sir Galahad, as well as a barrister, he says he will marry the girl when she assures him that he is the father of her unborn child. And he would have done, being extraordinarily innocent for a barrister practising at the criminal bar, had not a Scotch solicitor, George McIlwaine, a friend of his late father, pointed out very forcibly that in doing so he would make a damned fool of himself.

SO for eight years McIlwaine pays the prostitute a quarterly allowance for the child's maintenance on behalf of his young friend, who then marries a woman barrister of undoubted attraction. They return from their honeymoon, and after a dinner, at which McIlwaine and his mother-in-law are present, an S.O.S. comes over the wireless—though the voice came from the prompter's corner and not the instrument—asking the happy bridegroom to proceed at once to the salubrious district of Coram Street, where his son is lying dangerously ill. Upon which the barrister wife, unaware of a past Piccadillyo, announces her intention of going home to mother!

AT Coram Street Fleete finds the S.O.S. a fake. The child is already dead, and the prostitute had the message sent out of jealousy, which has been gnawing at her vitals for eight long years. She is now a drunkard, a "snow-sniffer," and in the keeping of a drunken ponce. Disgusted with her conduct, which includes a desire to assume the old relationship, he throws off her embrace. She stumbles, crashes against a table, and dies with despatch if not neatness.

HER keeper, with thirty-two over the odds inside him, gets it into his head that he has "done in" the trull, and, in a great state, runs round to Fleete to ask him to save him from the gallows. A quite unorthodox proceeding, which is regularised by the presence of the Scotch solicitor, who, realising that Fleete may be convicted of murder, throws the despicable character out of the window. This appears a case of suicide, and I was left wondering what would be the correct charge for this service on a bill of costs!

IT looks to me as if the author had invented this story and then evolved characters to fit it, but, unfortunately, they often don't. The barrister wife, for instance, struck me as much too ignorant of life to make her conduct credible. The prostitute's desire for revenge was even more unbelievable than her readiness to sacrifice about nine months' income, which would automatically cease when she admits her child is dead. The carelessness of the B.B.C. in sending out an S.O.S. without rigorous enquiry is self-evident, while I also doubt if even a Scottish solicitor would commit murder on behalf of a friend.

IN this play, which is much more pleasing and natural in the comedy scenes than those of turgid drama, there is some good acting, especially from Angela Baddeley, as the prostitute, D. A. Clarke Smith, her keeper, and Norman McKinnel, the Scottish solicitor. In smaller and lighter parts

*BLASTING AND DAMMING OPERATIONS*

*Mary Barker (Angela Baddeley), centre, playing a low-down part, has a slight argument with George McIlwaine (Norman McKinnel), right, who rises to great heights, while Nicholas Fleete (Anthony Ireland), her lover, cowers in the opposite corner*

# "RENDERED" By Vernon Woodhouse

Arthur Chesney makes much of a barrister's clerk, and Mabel Sealby is a modern and attractive mother-in-law. Jane Millican had hard work in making anything of the lady barrister, but looked beautiful without any trouble whatever. Anthony Ireland, as the hero, did nothing to camouflage the melodramatics of his part.

### *"After All," at the Criterion Theatre*

DRAMATIST John van Druten confesses in *Who's Who* that one of his recreations is going to the theatre. Well, that may be his recreation, but, thank goodness, he doesn't find ideas for plays there. For these he goes to life.

HIS comedy, *After All*, now on view at the Criterion Theatre, is one of the most life-like plays it is possible to see. There are eleven characters in the cast, and each and every one of them is a recognisable human being in whom we can take an interest. And what is equally to the point is that in depicting the age-long battle between youth and experience he is absolutely fair to both generations.

IN this play one sees a father and mother anxious about the future of their son and daughter, and hurt because they wish to leave what the parents believe to be a happy home. The son leaves to become an artist, a profession which interests him far more than following in his father's business footsteps. The daughter leaves because she is having an affair with a married man, who becomes her husband after the death of his invalid wife.

EVEN the daughter's conduct, which, on the face of it, is reprehensible, is so cleverly portrayed that all can sympathise with her. We can, in fact, appreciate the point of view of all four because they are so true to life. And then, with delicate art, the dramatist suggests that when this younger generation grows up it will be faced with the same parental problems and difficulties which beset those who have gone before.

A SLIGHT story but all sufficient to reveal the skill and observance of the dramatist, and one which gives a clever cast every opportunity to act perfectly —as good plays so often do. There is not a bad performance and some are supremely good. Aubrey Mather and Lilian Braithwaite, Madeleine Carroll and Robert Douglas could not be improved upon as the older and younger generation respectively, but perhaps the cleverest performance of all is that given by Muriel Aked, who, by making no obvious attempt to point her lines, gave them their fullest value. If this play, with its true humour and equally true pathos, does not succeed in drawing the town, I shall not only be surprised but disappointed. V. W.

*SKETCHES OF "TO ACCOUNT RENDERED," AT THE NEW THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS*

*"The famous men and women of the world of 1931 as the guests of 2031"*

# 2031 ENTERTAINS 1931

THIS is WEAF calling from the New York Station. Good-evening, everybody. To-night, by courtesy of Kleenogums and Blogg's Extract, we are going to take you over to the scene of the most historic dinner party of the century. We are going over to Soldiers' Field, Chicago, where the President of the United States, "Big Bill" Capone, great-grandson of our famous Al, will entertain the famous men and women of the world of 1931 as the guests of 2031. The whole dinner is arranged and managed by Heichmann's Yeast, the only safe and certain cure for intimate indigestion. We are now taking you over, folks, to Soldiers' Field, Chicago.

HELLO, everybody, this is the Four Marx Brothers speaking. We are going to describe for you this historic, epoch-making dinner party given by 2031 to the celebrities of 1931 who are still living. Well, I'll say there's a crowd here all right. 180,000. The noise is terrific. Any moment now the guests will enter the arena.

AH! The band's begun to play the International Anthem, specially composed for the occasion by Otto S. Svilbaum. Ah! Here they come. The whole arena's standing. The guests are bowing. Now they're taking their seats. The Pope of Chicago is saying grace. They've sat down.

WELL, folks, it's a sight. Right in the centre there is our G.O.M. of America, Thomas Edison. He was 184 on the 11th February this year. He's eating electro-carbohydrates, which, I guess, is more than most of us'll be eating when we're 184. On either side of him he's got the dinkiest pair o' dames 1831, 1931, 2031 or 3031 have ever seen or will ever see. And he deserves them. Yessir. On one side Fannie Ward, on the other Madermerselle Mistinguett. Mis is looking fine. "I haven't felt better since I dined with Napoleon in Trafalgar Square," she vouches. She is eating tripe and onions. Vive la France! And Fannie, Our Fannie, the World's Sweetheart, looks as though she'd just been born. "My age may run into three figures, but I've still only one chin," says Fannie the Flapper.

*"Now the guests are bowing"*

THE next lady at the table is a figure revered by American, French, English and other Society all over the world. For eight score years—Greenwich Time—she has fascinated the world of Art, Letters, High Life and Interior Decorators. Let me present you, the G.O.L. of America, Lady Elsie de Wolfe-Mendl, Ambassador of the United States to Paris, France. Her menu consists of the white of egg, and just now she is saying to the guest upon her left: 'Tiens, Henri, if I had the estomac of one of your automobiles I'd live to be a thousand." Needless to say, the boy she's handing all the French words to is none other than our Henry Ford. He's eating canned food. "After canning others all my life I cann'd help it," he wise-cracks.

ON the other side of Lady Elsie de Wolfe-Mendl is "R.D.B.," famous English-American editor and author, who has just completed his diary, "My First Two Hundred Years." Next him is the British Ambassador to Washington, Lady Oxford and Asquith. "Never look your age, look somebody else's," she declares. "What am I eating? Why, my own words, they're the only things that never disagree with me."

THEN we have Mr. George Bernard Shaw, English author and comic-strip artist. After living his first hundred years as a vegetarian Mr. George Bernard Shaw is now a ferrovarian. He is eating iron filings and talking to Mrs. Elinor Glyn, who certainly looks a hundred years younger than she did a hundred years ago. "It must be IT," she cries. "Just the daily dose does it." Our Elinor's eating Passion Fruit.

ON Mrs. Glyn's right is Signor Mussolini. He has just sold his next war to an English film company. His last war he sold to Paramount for twenty-five million dollars. The Dictator is just gargling a little sulphur and water. Then comes Madermerselle Chanel, President of the French Republic and world-famed for her refusal to become Queen of Hollywood. "There are many Queens," she said, "but only one Chanel."

NOW, here is the Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, and next him, England's foremost Hostess and Society Woman since 1980. You all know *her*. She is eating seaweed. Then comes Duke Duveen, still known as Joe. He has just bought the five million Madonna from Italy for ten million dollars, and sold it for twenty million dollars For this he was given a Dukery. He is eating Passover Cake.

THEN, beside Mistinguett, flanked, as it were, by 300 years of unremitting temptation, riding jauntily on the crest of these beautiful sex-waves, is our one and only Sir Thomas Lipton. He's drinking tea. "First time in a hundred years," he says. "Now, they're playing "God Save America." So, in case of accidents, we'll be leaving, folks . . . Good-night. . . .

This is WEAF calling from the New York Station. You have just heard. . . .

RICHARD VINER.

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HAVE you ever stopped to reflect that a fish may go home and lie about the size of the bait he hooked?

* * *

STRANGELY enough, inimitable persons are the ones who are the most imitated.

* * *

POLICEMAN (to couple in a parked car): "Don't you see the sign, 'Fine for Parking'?"

Driver: "Yes, officer, I see it, and heartily agree with it, too!"

BY STARK WOOD

"HULL'S ANGELS"

# If Gossip We Must

FRANCES DAY *Pearl Freeman*

*The attractive American artist who is so popular in cabaret in the West End. She has lately been entertaining the guests at Ciro's Club in Orange Street*

I SHOULD imagine that aerial smuggling is a pretty easy job, though it is not one that I intend to take up. What is to prevent anyone in a private aeroplane flying low over his own house and dropping packets of silk stockings, cigars, cocaine, and naughty novels in his back garden for his own consumption, if he happens to be built that way? But the way of the ordinary passenger when the machine, through bad weather, makes a forced landing, is pretty hard. The other afternoon I flew from Paris, and, owing to a thick fog, we came down, gently but very firmly, in a morass "somewhere in Kent." To have jumped out of the aeroplane (for no one was damaged) into a hired car for London would have been simplicity itself. But no. This is not allowed.

FOR there are passports to be examined and luggage to be gone through. So, in the rain and the gathering dusk, we had to wait for nearly a couple of hours until officials arrived, from fifteen miles away, and put us through the formalities. They were very civil and pleasant officials, and created no fuss. Yet what a waste of time for everybody! Of course, no one should be allowed to land haphazard in the country (though any thorough-paced foreign scoundrel who wants to can forge a passport and sail in at Folkestone or Dover or pop over from the land of the Soviet to Hull). But for the attention of stranded air passengers in rural districts a village policeman should surely suffice. He could be relied upon to recognise a passport when he sees one, and a list of what articles are contraband could be supplied to him at a nominal cost.

*Frank Davis*

DOROTHY BLACK

*Who takes the part of La-Mamda in "Kong," the play of Chinese life and adventure produced by Oscar Asche. It opened at the Cambridge Theatre on February 5*

PARIS I found completely denuded of the swarms of British and foreign visitors, and full of exceedingly prosperous natives. It is now the French who are found in the resorts designed mainly to accommodate Nordics on the razzle-dazzle. The pendulum has swung. It looks as if it will be a precious long time before it swings back again. Its present position is, however, only the result of common sense. France manages her affairs with the sole object in view of making the best of things for France. We, irrespective of party, have for years past had our affairs managed by gangs of politicians who have delighted in stepping aside and giving a chance to the foreigner. Sometimes this is done by way of making a fine gesture. But of late it has been prompted by an inferiority-complex sort of internationalism which preaches that, whatever is done by anybody on the other side of the Channel or the other side of the Atlantic is, and must be, right, and whatever anybody at home wants to do for the good of England is, and must be, wrong. There is a sane middle course between spineless

LANDLORD OF RUSTIC INN: "Yes, madam, there were"
GUEST: "Ah! Damp sheets, I suppose?"

News Illustrations

*Mrs. Ogden, of Derwentwater, at Keswick with her three championship dogs, Menaifron Pat O'Moy, Norna and Cymwran Biddy. Pat has won thirteen Kennel Club challenge certificates, Norna seventeen, and Biddy three. In addition, all three have distinguished themselves at field trials, and Norna won the Challenge Cup for best of all breeds at the Scottish Kennel Club Show last October*

abjection and jingoism. But if we are to have one or the other, let us have jingoism.

THE late Sir George Wills was a great lover of music, and his death a few days ago at the early age of forty-four is a great loss in many ways. I remember once dining with him at his place near Bristol, and a delightfully generous host he proved to be. Dinner was perfect, and at the end he said, "Will you smoke?" In such circumstances even the most tactless of guests would surely have answered "Yes." But did Zeppelin-like Corona-Coronas appear on what old T. W. H. Crosland used to call "silver salivas"? They did not. The host fumbled in one pocket and then in another, and eventually produced a small crumpled paper packet of inexpensive "gaspers," from which we each drew a "fag" bent by age into a crescent shape. They are, of course, very popular, but they were not quite what we expected.

By Bertram Prance

several highwaymen killed here in the old days"

AT the Conservative Central Office they are not flabby in one respect. Prussianism is nothing to the methods of the Tory mandarins when dealing with what they consider to be lack of discipline within the Party. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain are there as complete autocrats. Now autocracy is not at all a bad thing when it is in the right hands and applied in the right direction. But in this case it is applied to damp down any semblance of life and vigour. That is to say, the official Conservative policy seems to be—flabbiness in national questions, and the attitude of the petty schoolmaster in party questions. Instead of keeping in the fold the vigorous elements by coming to terms with them and trying to see their point of view, they are just blindly opposed and thwarted in every way. Because Lord Beaverbrook has put Mr. Baldwin in a bad temper, Admiral Taylor, by hook or by crook, is to be got out of South Paddington.

IT is doubtful whether they will succeed in ousting the gallant Admiral. Tenacity is one of the strong cards of naval officers, and this one has pretty powerful support. I hear, too, of the tables being turned in another London

*LILIAN BRAITHWAITE*

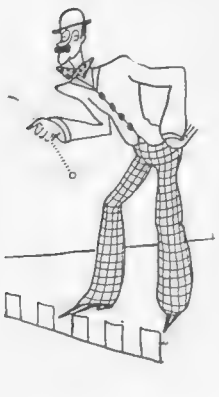
*Who plays a leading part in "After All," the play by John Van Druten, produced at the Criterion Theatre last week. She recently returned from America, where she has been playing her original part in "Symphony in Two Flats," the play in which she was last seen in the West End*

*FRIDA LEIDER*

*The famous prima donna, who has been engaged for the International Opera Season at Covent Garden. She is seen above as Die Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"*

constituency, and of a rumour that a strong Imperialist candidate is to come forward to oppose Sir Samuel Hoare in Chelsea. Probably this will be described as splitting the Conservative Party. I prefer to regard it as the Party's only hope of regeneration. If something is useless it should be split. Then one can pick up the sound splinters, chuck away the rotten ones, add fresh material, and build anew a sound and serviceable structure.

THERE is no more harmony in the Labour Party than among the Conservatives and the Liberals, save in one respect, and hardly a useful one, politically. But this Government is doing more than any other to encourage music. Little Mr. Clynes used to give musical parties at 11, Downing Street during Labour's first time on earth. The other night I went to a musical party at Admiralty House, given by the First Lord, Mr. Alexander, who wandered about with a genial smile, a dinner-jacket, and a handshake. Although the entertainment was not provided officially by the Covent Garden company, Mrs. Snowden and Mr. Svarvasy, who are directors of the Covent Garden Syndicate, were both there, and the former made a speech. Some of the English Covent Garden singers, notably Mr. Parry Jones, Mr. Percy Heming, and Mr. Norman Allin, contributed to the programme.



ADMIRALTY HOUSE is a fine old eighteenth century building, and I wondered whether former First Lords, the bewigged portraits of whom adorn the walls, would have frowned on such frivolities.

*THEA PHILIPS*

*The young Welsh soprano, who is another to be engaged to appear in the International Opera Season at Covent Garden. She is a cousin of Mrs. Alexander, the wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty*

Even the First Lord's own sanctum was thrown open to the guests, who were able to appreciate the carnival touch provided by the paper replica of an admiral's cap on that sacred desk, and a copy of J. B. Priestley's "The Good Companions" on the shelves.

ONE of the pictures is not of a First Lord, or even of a First Lady. It is, in fact, of somebody who was very far from being a lady at all. Just about 200 years ago there was a minor actress at Covent Garden Theatre, by name of Martha Ray. She was the mistress of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Hackman (for it seems that the Reformation did not reform everyone in the Established Church), who was extremely jealous of her. So one dark night, when she was walking down Long Acre to buy a motor car, or a crate of bananas, or something of the sort, he struck her in the back with a dagger. He was strung up at Newgate. But how did the picture of that poor little baggage come to be strung up on the walls of Admiralty House?

PEOPLE are trickling back to London. I mean, of course, the smallish band of people who can afford to sit in the stalls of theatres and to frequent the more expensive restaurants and the better type of dance clubs. Toby's, just off Bruton Street, is not yet a year old, but is a flourishing infant. It makes rather a speciality of its Sunday nights, the only night in the week there when evening dress is not obligatory in the actual restaurant (for there is a cosy little grill-room or "bar-parlour," as they call it, where you can get something to eat at any reasonable time and in any reasonable costume). Last Sunday night I found close on a couple of hundred people there, dining and dancing, and—of all things in the world—filling in a "general knowledge paper." For these papers valuable prizes are offered. The first prize on this occasion was won, I believe, by Lord Inchiquin.

A GOOD point about Toby's is that it really is a club, and is run as such. That is to say, it "pills" people it doesn't want, and the waiters are not tipped. A feature is made of cosmopolitan dinners; on one night, for instance, you may dine as if you were in Vienna, and the next night as if you were in Moscow—the Moscow of pre-Revolution days, for to dine in

£15,000 FOOTBALL STAR: "Oh.

## FATHER MONTY

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll)

*At Reading, Mr. Montague, the Under-Secretary for Air, recently made a bitter personal attack on Lady Houston, whose generosity has made it possible for Great Britain to defend the Schneider Trophy*

*"YOU were rude, Father Monty," the young man said,*
*"For your speech it was far from polite.*
*Yet the help that she offered, you never denied:*
*Do you honestly think it was right?"*

*"In my youth," Father Monty replied to the boy,*
*"I acquired this great secret from life,*
*If you want to get on with the great hoi polloi*
*Take good care that you preach party strife."*

*"It is rude," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,*
*To attack one who came to your aid,*
*And by getting so very bad-tempered and sore*
*You were all in the wrong, I'm afraid."*

*"If you were not a fool," Mr. Montague said,*
*"Your own party you'd place in the fore.*
*Let the Nation's repute be forsaken and dead*
*Just as long as you wage your class war."*

*"You are right," said the youth. "We must all of us strive*
*To be true to the dear old Red Flag,*
*And keep petty rancour and sneering alive*
*Though Britain's fair name droop and lag."*

*Mr. Montague smiled and he chortled with glee,*
*"Good! Your lesson you've learnt, I declare;*
*If you go on like that you may yet live to be*
*Under-Secretary, son, for Hot Air!"*

*B. W.*

Stage Photo Co.

*The Earl and Countess of Tantivy (Roy Russell and Doris Woodall) are overcome with horror at the sight of two revellers whom they encounter in Hugh Heather's Chelsea studio. A scene from "Tantivy Towers," by A. P. Herbert and Thomas Dunhill, the light opera which is proving a heavy success at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith*

Moscow to-day means paying famine prices for uneatable food. And recent cabaret performers for Tobyites have included Billy Bennett, The Three Eddies, Douglas Byng, and our old friend Datas, the Memory Man.

I do not know to whom the greater sympathy should have been extended on the first night of the short-lived *Frailties*, which, produced on Thursday evening, was withdrawn on the following Saturday at the Phœnix Theatre. The author, Dion Titheradge, "asked for it," so he can be ruled out, but I think I was even more sorry for the cast than I was for myself and the rest of the audience, for to see clever actors and actresses wrestle with the unactable is always a depressing spectacle. In addition to sitting out a play which seemed never to end, the difficulties in getting taxis to transport one homewards on a soaking wet night was a fitting climax to a demnd, damp, depressing evening.

By Ridgewell

moment before I sign this contract. Do you supply my amanuensis?"

*BILLY LEONARD*

*A recent photograph of the well-known comedian. He is playing in Kettner's Follies, the cabaret which is proving such a success in the famous restaurant of that name*

Some of London's newest theatres appear to have been built with no regard whatever for easiness of approach by wheeled traffic, and it isn't only taxi-cabs which are difficult to obtain. Private-car owners are also kept waiting an unconscionable time to get picked up, thanks to parking places being so far distant from theatres, while chauffeurs who have regard for their employers' comfort and arrive early on the rank in order to reach the theatre directly after the performance are "shooed" away by the police until later in the evening. In fact, a sort of musical chairs is played, with the cars going round and round until the police give the signal which allows them to stop and take their places on the rank.

*PARIS GOSSIP*

*Four members of the new French Cabinet: M. André Tardieu, the Minister of Agriculture (left), M. Pierre Laval, the Premier, M Briand and the Senegalese, M. Diagne, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies*

# POLITICIANS, POSTERS and PYJAMAS

By Sylvia Lyon

IT was all the fault of the Four Marx Brothers. Things had just been so-so in Paris. Another Cabinet had fallen and now Pierre Laval is Premier. There's nothing very thrilling about that except that Laval seems to be a toy-merchant with an irrepressible jack-in-the-box named André Tardieu in a new disguise as Minister of Agriculture, and the usual Briand. Of course, the chief novelty of the Laval Cabinet is M. Diagne, a Senegalese negro, created Under-Secretary for the Colonies, with an eye, no doubt, to encouraging Colonials to visit the Colonial, or International Overseas Exhibition, as it is called in England, which opens at Vincennes in May. Coincidentally with Diagne's appointment, Pol Rab, the creator of Ric and Rac, has designed a fétiche for the Exhibition—a funny little black man called "Nenuphar."

ONLY the hoardings had been giving a sign of life in Paris, and even they weren't so promising. The annual Bal des Petits Lits Blancs was announced to take place, as usual, at the Opéra on February 3, but the announcement this year has been designed by Marie Laurencin. I took one look at the poster (signed replicas of which were sold at the ball) and decided that La Laurencin had gone symbolist, for the poster figures, very wan and pink and white ladies and gentlemen, looked as though they would not be well enough to go to the ball; indeed, they looked ready to go to their own little petits lits blancs. Colette gave a little talk on fashions at the ball, but even that wasn't surprising, after hearing that she had given up her flat in the Palais Royale, and has gone to live, of all places, at Claridge's. Serge Lifar danced at the ball, but what is surprising about that? He has been made ballet-master of the Opéra. . . . A few yards away a poster proclaims that Jack Hylton is to give a concert at the Opéra on February 17. Well, that's nothing new. Jack Hylton's jazz is almost as old-fashioned as opera itself.

I ALMOST yawned at Paris. Nothing new except new streets. They are so new that agents de ville stationed one block away have not as yet learned of their existence. Watching two agents and one taxi chauffeur spreading out maps of Paris while I watched the taximétre and nearly went crazy counting how many minutes I would be late for a lunch engagement, I thought by the time the Colonials come to Paris for the Exhibition, before they will be able to find their way to Vincennes at the eastern end of Paris, they could just as easily study their colonies at home.

LATER, very discouraged, I met a boy at the Ritz bar. Wickedly sipping a tomato-juice cocktail I thought: "Does tomato-juice do this to one or am I really seeing Fred and Adéle Astaire over there in the corner?" They were there, looking for new ideas. It's too bad they didn't ask me for some. I wouldn't give them a thing. An hour later, in the restaurant, "La Petite Chaise," in the Rue de Grenelle, I saw Norman Hartnell, over from London to show his dress collection to the American buyers, the brutes! "We are going to try to see 'Animal Crackers,'" I told him. "For two months I've been trying to get there, but the show starts at nine o'clock and interferes with my dinner." So we had a nice, leisurely dinner and arrived at the Cinema de Panthéon at ten o'clock, just in time to see "Animal Crackers," at which I laughed—and laughed—and laughed.

THE following day I lunched with Allanah Harper, the editor of *Echanges*, who lives in one of those modern studio houses, the Villa Seurat, even beyond Montparnasse; in fact, just ten francs away from my domicile. With her has been stopping Mrs. Torrey, née Pauline Duleep Singh, and I thought: "Well, here I will get no gossip; this house is so intellectual." Mrs. Sachaverell Sitwell was there. "A long time since I've seen you," I said to her husband. I laughed quite a lot, but they looked very serious and considered sending for a doctor. Mrs. Sitwell had not laughed at "Animal Crackers," but her husband had. Allanah Harper said: "Daisy Fellowes told me that she had seen it four times and laughed herself sick. The last time she went she took Serge Lifar with her." "And now she's gone off to Ceylon," I added. "I know her youngest daughter is engaged but it isn't announced yet."

WHEN I read in the papers the other day that a woman in Los Angeles, aged fifty-seven, had shot herself, leaving a note saying that she was committing suicide because she couldn't stand the new fashions, they made her look so clumsy, I thought: "What a fine job Chanel will have in Hollywood where there are people and fashions like that." So when I saw her new collection, just sports wear, I thought,

*Colette, who gave a little talk on fashions at the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs*

(Continued on page 258)

# "MAX'S" POINTED PENCIL

*In a note attached to a portfolio of caricatures of "Bitter Sweet" by the incomparable Max Beerbohm, which has just been published, the sage of Rapallo remarks, "Sentiment is out of fashion. Yet 'Bitter Sweet,' which is nothing if not sentimental, has not been a dead failure. Thus we see that things that are out of fashion do not cease to exist. Sentiment goes on, unaffrighted by the roarings of the young lions and lionesses of Bloomsbury."*

*And then Max goes on to say that this survival is commemorated by him in some sentimental drawings. These are five in number, reproduced in colour, three of which, in black and white, are seen on this page. The first gives honour where honour is due, for it shows the author and composer, Mr. Noel Coward, a star in the heavens*

# PICTURES "BITTER SWEET"

*The second reproduction is that of Georges Metaxa as Carl Linden, the tenor hero, in a characteristic attitude, while the third all will also recognise as Ivy St. Helier, the quaint little cabaret singer who, despite vicissitudes, laughs her way through life.*

*The others who appear in the portfolio are Peggy Wood in the earlier stages of the play, when she was Sarah Millick and had not become Sari Linden, and Manager C. B. Cochran, the latter, if one may criticise, being the least successful of the artist's efforts.*

*One hundred sets are published at three guineas, with each plate autographed, while a further nine hundred, unautographed, are obtainable at one guinea, and lovers of this operette, who are legion, will assuredly not leave one single portfolio unsold*

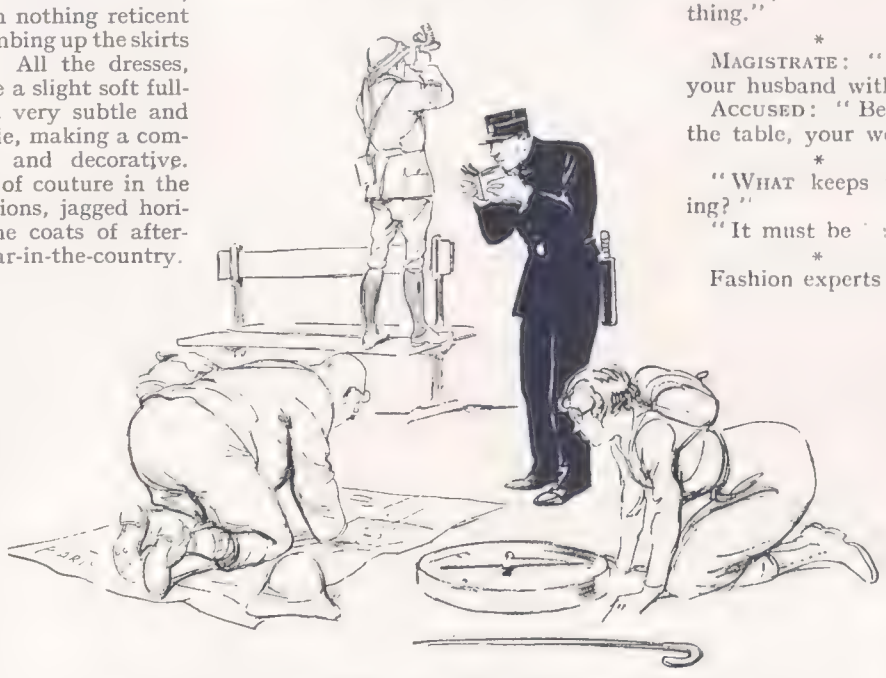
*PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 256)*

*The luxurious motor yacht Stella Polaris seen at anchor during one of her pleasure cruises. In the spring she will make two pleasure cruises to the Mediterranean and Aegean Seas, the first, starting on March 27 and lasting twenty-one days, will cost from £40 per berth, whilst the second cruise, one of twenty-seven days, starts on April 17, fares costing from £52 per berth upwards. Full details of these cruises of the Stella Polaris, a corner of one of whose luxurious smoking-rooms is seen inset, may be obtained from Messrs. B. & N. Line Royal Mail Ltd., 25, Whitehall, S.W.1.*

imagine wasting such talent on Southern California (I come from Northern California). The novelties of the new collection are literally novelties, just those little things to make you gurgle. Her characteristic little white piqué collars and cuffs now extend to covering the revers of the sports and tailleur suits. The fairly short, slender skirts show a variety of pleats—pleats stitched down, pleats quite loose with nothing reticent about them, pleats climbing up the skirts in series, like stairs. All the dresses, jackets and coats have a slight soft fullness at the elbows, a very subtle and difficult thing to handle, making a comfortable quality new and decorative. There is a great deal of couture in the new models, incrustations, jagged horizontal appliqué on the coats of afternoon ensembles-to-wear-in-the-country.

ONE of the latter variety is a vermilion jersey coat, fitting closely to the figure (get out your old diet list) worn over a vermilion imprimée, with the imprimée carried out on the collar, revers and cuffs of the coat—all of Chanel's coats ending just above the wrist bone. Another afternoon-for-the-country costume is a beige imprimée with a small design in white and black, to be worn under a beige cloth coat, a variation on her famous coachman's coat, except that the new one has a wider, deeper, looser line about the collar and shoulder.

A BROWN and yellow tweed sport costume has a yellow linen collar, revers and cuffs worn over a yellow waistcoat. Another costume has organdie collar, revers and cuffs carrying out the paler tone of the jersey's weave. She is also showing many models in black jersey, both two-piece suits and one-piece dresses, always with the touch of white at the neck and cuffs. The pyjama numbers (music, please!) include a darling made of white linen, just a little double-breasted jacket, close and short about the hips and long and full about the pants. It should be worn at any time of the day, everywhere, and probably will. Waistline as usual: distinctly not high. S. L.



*'The streets of Paris are so new that agents de ville stationed one block away have not as yet heard of their existence"*

## *EN PASSANT*

"DAD, I've found a pocket knife."

"Don't you know to whom it belongs?"

"Yes, but he didn't notice anything."

* * *

MAGISTRATE: "Why did you strike your husband with the table leg?"

ACCUSED: "Because I couldn't lift the table, your worship."

* * *

"WHAT keeps the moon from falling?"

"It must be : beams."

* * *

Fashion experts say men are to have broader shoulders this season. *And* they'll need them!

* * *

"WHATEVER has happened to you?"

"My girl threw me down a flower."

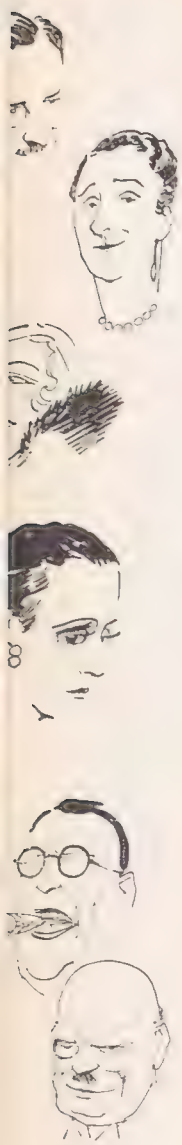
"But surely that couldn't have knocked you about like that!"

"Oh, yes, it could! You see she forgot to detach the window-box."

Peter North

YVONNE ARNAUD

*The brilliant, vivacious leading lady of "The Improper Duchess," the witty and sophisticated play now playing to packed houses at the Globe Theatre. It was written by James B. Fagan*



FIGUREHEADS IN THE WORLD OF FASHION

Starting from the top and working downwards are M. "Callot," Mme. Jeanne Lanvin, Mlle. Charlotte Revyl, Mme. Agnès, an American buyer and a German buyer

# "INTERNATIONAL" DAY AT A FAMOUS PARI

*All the world of Dress is now gathered in Paris. From the four corners of the earth buyers have converged to se are revealed only to those who are admitted, and admittance is difficult to obtain, cards being carefully scrutinised and re he who "spots a winner" and buys the most successful models of the season. The enormous sums spent by the fair*

BY A. GALLAND

## ARIS COUTURIER'S—IN THE MOLYNEUX SALON

*to see, discuss, copy and buy the models which are to decide the fashion for the coming year. Closely guarded secrets and refusals not uncommon. First on the doorstep are the buyers from the U.S.A. and South America, and the cleverest is fair American form a large proportion of France's huge dress revenue.*

*THE MEN WH MOULD OUR DRES DESTINIES*

*M. Paul Poiret, the fame fashion expert, is seen, p in mouth, looking an thing but the part, whi he of the sleek hair M. Lucien Lelong, couturier of Internatio repute*

# PETER LAWFORD:

## ENGLAND'S YOUNGEST FILM STAR

*Photographs by* *Fort Buckle*

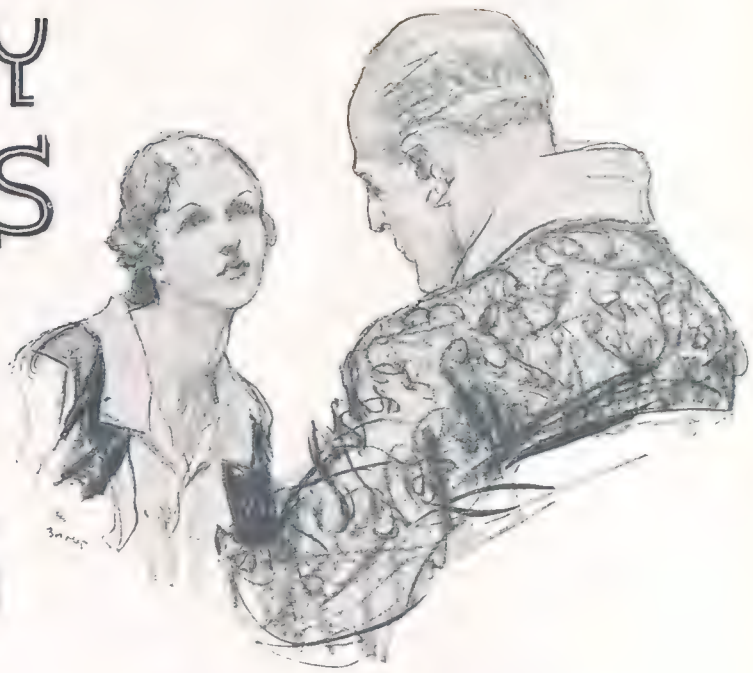
*Two studies of little Peter Lawford, the seven-year-old son of Lieut.-General Sir Sydney and Lady Lawford, who promises to become an English Jackie Coogan. Peter makes his screen debut in the Monty Banks's comedy, "Bill's War Debt," and is said by the critics to show unusual promise*

*BYSTANDER SHORT STORY*

# TWENTY MINUTES

## BY

## L·A·G STRONG



SHE stared at him in dismay.

"The spare room! What *do* you mean?"

"Plain enough, isn't it?"

"But, Billy, I can't! I simply couldn't go in there, all by myself. After what's happened. I—— Besides, the bed isn't made."

"Better make it, then."

"Billy! But why?'

The man clicked his tongue. He was fighting hard to control himself.

"For the excellent reason that if I let you stay here I forfeit my rights. That's all."

"Oh."

She fell back a step, staring at him.

"You mean . . . in case you want to divorce me?"

"Precisely."

"But——but——" Her face puckered; she looked like a child about to cry.

"Do you want to divorce me, Billy?"

Did he? He wasn't sure.

"I don't quite know yet," he replied, with a crooked smile. "I'll have to think about it. For the present, however——."

"Bill, I can't. I simply must stay with you."

She sat on the bed and pulled him down beside her.

"Don't you remember saying to me, over and over again, that we were both quite free? I mean, that if anything like this happened to either of us we'd both understand? We both agreed . . . don't you remember?"

He quietly removed her hand from his arm.

"Yes," he answered. "I also remember our agreeing to give each other some sort of warning."

She caught at his hand, and bent her head over it.

"Oh, I know, I know, Billy darling. I meant to tell you all along. I've felt such a beast to you. But——" She looked up, trying hopelessly to read his eyes—"if you'll only let me be with you . . . come close to you, and tell you all about it."

His muscles stiffened, and he was about to reply when an extraordinary sensation came over him. He seemed to rise in the air and come slowly down again, light and empty, almost as if he had no body at all. Looking down at the little bald spot she so cleverly hid by day, he perceived himself to be without emotion. He swayed slightly, shut his eyes, and opened them with a start.

She was kissing the back of his hand.

"I know you'll understand, Billy. You always do. You're not like other men," she whispered to him.

He said nothing, and then laughed, making her look up in quick anxiety.

"Perhaps. But I'm not going to listen to you now. I must be by myself to-night. Go to bed, Claire, there's a dear. We'll be able to talk about it much better in the morning."

She began sobbing.

"Billy, I can't, I can't. Oh, Billy, I'm so miserable."

"I daresay."

His tone was perfectly matter-of-fact, without sarcasm or anger. For the life of him he could not think of anything to say. The nape of her neck—now why had that always seemed such a fascinating spot to kiss? Looked at dispassionately, it was not more attractive than many other places. True, there was something to be said for the little curly beginnings of hair, the first tendrils; and he remembered acutely the first time he had kissed it. Down at the Mitchells'. The room vanished, and he saw with astonishing clarity sunlight dancing on the river, and the arching shade of the tree above them; felt the punt tilt as he leant over to her. . . He jumped; he had almost fallen asleep.

"I say, look here, Claire. Do be sensible. It's no good, you know."

"Billy, Billy. You can't be so selfish as to send me away, just when I need you so."

Oh, damn it, had the girl no sense at all? Couldn't she ever see any point of view but her own? As often before, he felt helpless against the force of her naïve egoism.

"That's good. 'Pon my word, that's good. Another minute, and the whole thing will be my fault. I like that, I must say."

"Well!" She retorted tearfully, with a touch of spirit. "Things like this—don't happen—if it isn't a l-little bit the man's fault."

"That's the way you look at it, is it?" He crossed to the door and held it open.

"Now then; are you going, or am I?"

She made no move, but sat on the edge of the bed, dabbing her eyes. He waited a few moments before speaking again. A great weariness descended upon him: it was difficult to stand up and keep his head clear.

"Claire. Are you going, or not?"

No answer.

"Very well. Then I am."

HE closed the door after him, only to find that he had forgotten his pyjamas. Biting his lip, he stood irresolute, one hand upon the knob.

"Billy. Billy!"

He let go the handle just in time.

"Billy! Oh, there you are."

Claire was breathing very quickly, her hand on her breast.

*Illustrated by*

*LEO BATES*

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Well?"

She swallowed hard.

"I—I wouldn't, you know, Billy. Honour bright."

"You wouldn't what?"

"Tell anyone. Say anything to hinder your d—divorce, I mean."

Then suddenly she crumpled against him, catching at the lapels of his dressing gown, and her words pattered like dry leaves.

"Stay with me just for to-night, Billy darling. Don't leave me alone. I can't bear it, I can't. No one shall ever know. I'll never say a word, I swear I won't."

"You think you wouldn't," he said gloomily. "But you would all right. You'd let it out somehow, when the pinch came. In the witness-box, I daresay. I know you."

She looked up, indignant.

"You seem very sure I should want to keep you."

"If you don't, what's all this fuss about?"

"Billy, darling——"

"Oh, for God's sake shut up!"

He pushed her hands away, and stood still. There was a silence. His head ached villainously; he knew this was his chance to end the scene, but had not the energy to move. Claire had half turned from him, pressing the back of her hand against her mouth. He heard her breathing falter, and she began to cry again.

"I—thought—you were d-different from other men."

She was always unfair. Nothing seemed worth saying.

"M-men are always the s-same."

"Of course, you've been enlarging your experience lately, haven't you?"

"*Billy!*"

"Well. It's true, isn't it?"

Sniff. His watch, which he had mechanically taken off and wound, was ticking away industriously on the dressing table.

"I didn't think you'd treat me like this, whatever happened."

"I don't think you would find many men who would take this as quietly as I have," he answered slowly.

That was true. It needed a bit of swallowing—catching them like that, pretty well red-handed. A man had the right to be angry, to . . . to . . . And that silly young sheep-faced fool, stammering and stuttering . . .

"I say, you know . . . I say, you know . . ."

It would have been good to—do something—bash him in the mouth, or something. Only because the man was such a damned fool, though; not because—why didn't he feel more angry about the whole thing? Far from wanting to avenge his wounded honour and that sort of stuff, all he now wanted was to lie down and go to sleep.

"You've no idea what a fool you look."

Had he actually said that to the fellow? He couldn't quite remember. He had wanted to. There had been a longish silence, and he rather thought that was how he had broken it. That was the uppermost thing, the point you noticed first: what a fool that man looked, standing there like that. The whole business was so silly. Why couldn't they go to sleep and forget about it.

"Claire, do for goodness' sake make up your mind. I want to go to bed."

"I wouldn't tell, you know." She looked at his face. "Oh, very well. Give me a minute to get my things."

"No, I'll go." He yawned enormously. "I've less to carry."

"Silly." She was rummaging at the drawer. "You can't go in there. Nothing's ready."

"What about you, then?"

"I'll be all right. Go on, get into bed, quickly. You're tired."

A trick? he wondered. Oh, no, genuine enough. He could generally tell her artifice a mile off. (Not always, though, by Jove!) She could hardly be such a fool as to try and get round him that way.

He began to move stupidly about the room, undressing. Claire, after a last look round, made for the door.

"I *do* love you," she said, halting half-way, to no one in particular. She paused.

"Good-night, Billy."

And with a quick little smile she was gone.

His eyes shut tight, to keep hold on the precious sleep, the man sat on the bed and began taking off his socks. If he let himself think too much about Claire's exit to the cold room and the unmade bed he would wake up again. Damn it! there he was, thinking about it already. One after another uncomfortable thoughts broke through the soft warm mist.

Claire's protestations had only strengthened his mood. It was right and proper that she should feel like that about it. She'd done wrong, and she knew it. But the moment she gave in, the quiet, pathetic little dignity with which she had accepted his decision, her good-night to him . . . these somehow cut the ground from under his feet. They touched his conscience, heaven knows why; *he'd* done nothing to be ashamed of. Instead of a just man, the victim of a humiliating injury, he felt a common bully.

What had he really felt, in himself, right at the start? He'd known more or less how to behave, what to say. So had Claire. But

somehow, more and more acutely, he began to see that the whole thing was unreal, that his indignation and Claire's tears were all so much play-acting. Bedroom scene. Of course, by common consent, he *ought* to have been angry. Loyalty to tradition had almost made him so. But—to face the issue squarely—he hadn't been

really angry at all. There had been several emotions; a faint disgust with Claire, perhaps, though he couldn't even be sure about that; but anger was not one of them. Claire ought to have given him some sort of hint, not let him come upon it all at once like that. She had behaved quite badly. But the copybook rage, the authentic jealousy which could cover even homicide—nonsense! He had felt nothing of the kind.

*"She made no move, but sat on the edge of the bed, dabbing her eyes. He waited a few moments before speaking again . . . 'Claire. Are you going, or not?'"*

Did this simply mean that he didn't love Claire enough to be jealous?

He sat on the bed and began to take off his trousers, moving slowly, like an old man. Why should he feel so tired? His hand was shaking. This business *had* taken something out of him, then. He kicked his foot free, and stood up, looking at his hand with a sort of solemn satisfaction. It pleased him to see that he had suffered. Evidently he did love Claire, after all. But of course he loved her; he had a thousand proofs of it. He wanted her to be with him; he enjoyed living with her, in the same house, sharing life with her, going out, hearing music, doing all sorts of things with her. It was absurd to suggest that he didn't love Claire.

He stood up, holding his trousers stupidly, looking for a place to put them down. All of a sudden he caught sight of himself in the long glass. For a moment he stared unrecognising; then a wry grin came over his face. Damn it all, he looked just as big a fool as the other fellow!

He stood, struggling with that unwilling grin. It widened, and he laughed outright.

Poor little Claire! If men would go and make fools of themselves over her——

But this was downright immoral. Another minute, and Claire would be in the right altogether. "The wife in her reply pleaded condonation . . ." What absolute rot the whole thing was.

He pulled on his pyjamas and stood hesitating. It might be weakness, the sentimental side of him asserting itself because he was overtired; yet he hated the idea of Claire all by herself in the cold spare room, jumbling up the bed and crying herself to sleep in the dark. He couldn't bear that. It would keep him awake thinking of it; and he'd surely earned his sleep. There must be something in what Claire said about some of it being his fault. A man had to look at a thing like this from all sides.

He put on his dressing-gown and knotted the cord with great care.

IT was a case for common sense, not hard-and-fast, old-fashioned rule-of-thumb. He couldn't do without Claire; he was used to her. She understood his ways. He loved her. They belonged to each other. A thing like this coming between two people so well suited to one another must be a sort of temporary misunderstanding. It couldn't be real nor permanent. After all the fun they'd had together, the good times, the understanding between them . . . No, it must be just an accident. Claire said she could explain it all. In common fairness he couldn't leave her there all by herself; that was clear enough. He had allowed her her freedom, and he must abide by the consequences. Anyhow, he was too sleepy to be kept awake any longer; and blinking defiantly at his reflection in the mirror, he opened the door and went across the landing.

There was no answer to his knock, so he turned the handle and looked in. The room was dark.

"Claire?"

Silence.

"Are you awake, Claire?"

"Y-yes. Do you want anything?"

He didn't quite know what to answer. He couldn't say, "I've decided to have you back, after all."

There was a rustle of bedclothes.

"What's the matter? Is there anything I can get for you." He fumbled for the switch, saying, "D'you mind if I put the light on?"; and she was revealed, sitting up on the unmade bed in her dressing-gown, with an eiderdown to cover her.

"What is it?" she repeated fretfully, screwing up her eyes at the light.

"I say, Claire, you can't sleep in here." He made a vague gesture with his arm. "Bed's not made; you'll catch cold. You'd better come back."

She lay down again, her face to the wall.

"Come on, Claire."

He heard her murmur something, and yawned.

"Don't be silly, Claire. I can't stand here all night."

"I'm not g-going where I'm not wanted."

"For God's sake, don't let's argue any more. I'm too sleepy."

She did not answer, so he turned heavily to the door.

She sat up.

"Do you really want me?"

"Yes," he said. Good Lord, she'll want me to go down on my knees to her in a minute. "Yes."

"I believe you're only just saying that."

"Oh, well. Have it your own way."

He backed out, closing the door, and returned to his room.

"Of course, if you *really* want me . . ." she called after him; and he heard her jump out of bed.

ONE more man made a fool of, he thought, getting down between the sheets. One more opportunity thrown away. Oh, well; men asked for it.

His mind became a blur.

"You see, Billy darling," whispered Claire, snuggling close up to him, "it happened like this. When I first met Ian . . ."

L. A. G. S.

*FILM NOTES*

# BRINGING TOLSTOI UP TO DATE

## By Lionel Collier

HAVING conceived the idea of casting a musical comedy hero, John Boles, as Prince Dimitri, in a screen version of Tolstoi's "Resurrection," the producers' sense of humour deserted them and they failed to give us a really satisfactory burlesque. In fact, much as I should like to credit Edwin Carewe with a scheme of this sort, I am afraid he really did intend to make what is described as a "dramatic romance destined to be as immortal as 'All Quiet.'"

I have always found Tolstoi's book dull, and the film, with the exception of the fact that it allows Prince Dimitri to burst into song on one or two occasions, is equally so. Of course, we do have a little light relief by hearing some American colloquialisms proceeding from the characters. But think how excellent it would have been if, when Katusha Malova saw her faithless lover departing in a troop train with a girl on his knee, she had been impelled to burst into a song like "It's the rich wot gets the pleasure; it's the poor wot gets the blime!"

As in the majority of American films, the technical work is very good indeed, and Lupe Velez the Mexican actress, has one scene which shows what a really fine artist she is. This is in the court, after she has been sentenced to a life sentence in Siberia and denounces the court, protesting her innocence of the murder charge. "Resurrection" is to be seen in the West End shortly.

ONE of the newcomers to the British screen who looks like making as big a name for himself in this medium as he did on the stage is Bert Coote. In "Bracelets," a new Gaumont picture, he has a character rôle which he fills admirably. The story is a crook comedy concerning an absent-minded, elderly jeweller's assistant, who quite accidentally brings a gang of crooks to book and saves himself from dismissal after twenty-five years' service. Behind the comedy lies real human feeling and the drama of the pathetic, ineffectual figure of the jeweller's assistant, whom you pity even while you are laughing at him. It is a quality like this that helps to make Chaplin the outstanding figure he is. Sewell Collins, the author, also produced the story, and he is to be congratulated on his work. Not only has he directed his characters well, but he also gets good camera movement into his picture and gives us excellent London exteriors; in other words, he has utilised the screen's resources to get a well-knit continuity and an absence of stage restrictions.

*"I'll report you .... I don't know what for .... but I'll think of something ...." Bert Coote as Mr. Hobbett, the middle-aged, muddle-headed little man who "gets there" in "Bracelets," Gaumont's latest film*

*"The directors want to see you in the office." Mr. Hobbett (Bert Coote), whose twenty-fifth wedding anniversary it is, suspects a present—but it turns out to be dismissal*

*Elissa Landi in a scene from Elinor Glyn's latest production, "The Price of Things," written and directed by Mrs. Glyn at Elstree. The cast includes such well-known London players as Stewart Rome, Mona Goya, Walter Tennyson and Arthur Tennyson*

*Maisie Gay as Mrs. Arris, a charwoman-cook, in her first talkie, "To Oblige a Lady." This is a British Lion picture made at the Beaconsfield studio*

*Mrs. Arris in disapproving mood. Maisie Gay in the Edgar Wallace comedy-drama, "To Oblige a Lady," to be shown in London shortly*

*To play Trilby. Marian Marsh, a seventeen-year-old newcomer to the screen, has been personally selected by John Barrymore to play the part of Trilby in "Svengali," his next production for Warner Brothers*

I FEEL that the paucity of ideas for the new medium producers now have at their disposal is emphasised by the fact that "Charley's Aunt" has been resuscitated. Certainly a lot more slapstick has been put into it than was possible on the stage, but one feels that there is surely an author somewhere who could give us something more original and up to date. Continually to fall back on stage plays is a sign of weakness, and to my mind a weakness which will seriously militate against the progress of the screen as a separate form of entertainment. I suppose it will be argued that "Charley's Aunt" is a classic now—and so is "Little Bo Peep." The "aunt" is played very well by Charles Ruggles, who is certainly preferable to Syd Chaplin, who featured in the silent version.

AMERICA is always delving into the pioneering days to show, I imagine, that she really is a unified nation with a history. The latest of these "epics"—they are always called "epics"—is "The Great Meadow," which sets out to depict the trials of the early settlers who made a perilous rush from Virginia to Kentucky. The elements did all they could to deter these prospectors, and when they failed the Indians took up the game. There is very little plot in the accepted sense, but some of the pictorial effects are very beautiful. Indian raids, which played such a big part in the early days of the screen, are once again brought into requisition. I must say I like them much more when they are connected with a good story and not a rather high-flown commentary on what the settlers went through.

There is a lesson for our producers in this picture, because, although you would never guess it from going to the cinema, we, too, have a history.

"HELL'S ANGELS" continues to fill the London Pavilion, and it is now supported by a British film, "The Price of Things." It is a pity that such a poor home-made product should have to stand comparison with this American production. The only thing to its credit is the fact that it has a wide range of English settings and is technically good. The story and direction are by Elinor Glyn, and if one had not known that some of her American ventures have been highly successful, one would suspect her of inexperience. Indeed, why such an experienced authoress could have presented such a highly coloured melodrama concerning a bride who marries a man's twin brother instead of her fiancé, is difficult to understand. There is an international spy, too, confidential papers, and all the rest of it. If it had been treated a little more broadly it would have been really funny. Walter and Alfred Tennyson, who play the respective twins, are very weak. Stewart Rome struggles manfully with a minor rôle, and Elissa Landi looks charming, but her possibilities are not utilised. That she has possibilities is indicated by the fact that she has been secured by an American producing firm, like so many others who have not been properly exploited here.

AMONG the pictures generally released this week are "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Only the Brave." The latter is an excellent romance with an American Civil War background, and features Mary Brian and Gary Cooper.

# The CHELSEA FOLLIES in TWO BRIGHT SCENES

*"Ye Chelsea Bunne Shoppe" scene showing Anona Winn (left) Peggy Cartwright and Hay Petrie. The Chelsea Follies have raised the Victoria Palace to the level of "boiled-shirt" stalls, although, we hasten to add, that evening dress is not compulsory*

*Lillebil Ibsen, the clever young Norwegian actress, who is a leading lady in The Chelsea Follies. She is a granddaughter of Henrik Ibsen*

*Jimmy Nervo and Teddy Knox, who supply most of the humour in The Chelsea Follies, performing stupendous feats of balancing in "The Circus," one of the most amusing scenes in this successful revue*

*Photos Stage Photo Co.*

BY RIDGEWELL

*Famous authoress of "Two Years in a Howdah," "With Rifle and Lipstick in N'Kugnaggaland," etc., etc., etc., meets with another thrilling experience*

# "THE SONG OF THE DRUM" AT OLD DRURY

Yvonne Gregory

Stage Photo Co.

*The tall figure on this page is Marie Burke as Countess Olga von Haultsein. With such a name it is needless to add that she is the villainess. In the background is the scene from this spectacular musical comedy showing the Courtyard of the House with the Red Door, a building of antiquity but not respectability, before which the dealers in the slave market drive a brisk business*

# GAMBLING AND YOUR EGO

## By Walter S. Hiatt

THIS is a frivolous article about a serious subject—your money and mine laid on the tables in the Continental casinos. Say what you like about the curse of money, as we used to hear about it in the school copy books, but anything that touches money is always a very serious subject. Money is never ridiculous. Money has no colour. Money has no sentiment. Money talks. And the most valuable of all money in the world is neither gold pounds nor silver dollars, but money won at gambling.

One of the most charming, lovable and beautiful souls I know is a certain American woman adorned with a millionaire husband, and it is her pleasure each summer and each winter to spend several months huddled over the baccarat table and the rest of her dreaming or waking hours studying systems to beat the banker at the Big Table. She generally loses—she can well afford it—two or three millions of francs a year. But now and again she has a lucky run and wins two or three hundred thousand francs in a night's play, or she may win this sum or a series of such sums over a week.

*"So he went to the Palm Beach casino . . . and within one hour lost his five million francs"*

*A general view of Monte Carlo, the Mecca of those who seek pleasure and fortune at the tables. The buildings seen above include the Hotel de Paris, Café de Paris, and the Casino*

During such times as I have seen her then she fairly radiates joy and divinity and good humour and pearly glances, she has a sprightly swing to her walk and is mentally riding on the top of the world. She knows very well that she is going to lose this money, but while she has it it is more precious than all her millions.

IF I may be permitted, let me slide a little farther along the surface of the very deep psychological waters involved in gambling. There have been many definitions of gambling. The prosaic one of the people who have never played at games of chance is to call it Sin, the invention of the Devil to divert honest money into dishonest hands. A priori, they claim one always loses, and if one won gambling would not be so wicked. Inasmuch as I have been gambling on and off for a year, I have done some hard thinking on the subject. Previous to this gambling orgy year of mine, all I knew about gambling in any form was confined to the title of a tragic love story by Stendhal called "Rouge et Noir." But if we slip back a few cogs through the centuries we will note the authority of Aristotle, who defined the object of play as repose. "Play," he said, "gives us the most complete illusion of personal liberty." Another definition tending to explain why people gamble is that it is the assertion of the ego, an attempt to show that their personality is stronger than that of Fate.

Take the game of patience, where one supposedly plays one's personality against neutral cards and where no money can be involved. We often see players of patience sit for hours on end attempting to make the cards come out completely, then see this person rise up with an expression of joy and say: "Well, at last I've done it!" We all must have observed the anger now and again indicated when persons are unsuccessful at patience, and we are also quite familiar with the individuals who cheat at patience to secure the illusion of having defeated Chance.

In my wanderings through Casinoland I have spent long hours talking with croupiers and casino directors and card players, and the best definition given me to explain why people gamble is this, and by the builder of the Palais de la Mediterranée at Nice. He said: "People gamble because they want to be able to do something that they know is next to impossible." Thus we get around to the original thought that gambling is an attempt at the assertion of the ego.

I CANNOT do better than emphasise the adage: "Play, but don't gamble." This is the height of moral wisdom, and, of course, we know that wisdom is always moral. The advice has all the wisdom in it of the title of the American play, "Love 'em and leave 'em." It is wise to play, for so long as we merely play we are keeping our conduct within the line of sport and we are amusing and distracting ourselves. But when we begin to gamble seriously for sums that we cannot afford to lose, then there should be no pity for us. We fall into the class of people who buy too expensive cars or otherwise live beyond their means, and that is a vice.

There have been many remarkable statements that have come under my observation this past year about fictitious winnings and losses at casinos. This incident I can vouch for. I saw a man, a billionaire, spend three hours between ten and one o'clock a.m. in the casino at Juan les Pins last summer and win five million francs. He immediately explained: "This is not interesting; I must go where the play is more interesting!" So he went to the

*"We are quite familiar with the individuals who cheat at patience"*

*"These two ladies began to play the number five with hundred franc pieces. That number came up five times running"*

Palm Beach casino, a few kilometres distant, and within one hour lost his five million francs. That satisfied his ego for the night, so he went out in his motor boat with some friends and roamed about the deep and blue Mediterranean until breakfast time.

The casual observer of casino life can have no difficulty in seeing many such incidents. Any afternoon or evening along the French Riviera in the winter season one has merely to drop into the baccarat rooms and watch the Big Table, where are seated ten to fifteen persons, probably each one a millionaire, and probably each staking five or six hundred thousand francs during the course of two or three hours.

THERE are generally sixty or seventy persons, standing up behind the great brass railings that protect the table and give breathing space to the players, who watch avidly the play of these people, and try to study the expressions on their faces. It is generally one of ruffled ennui on the faces of the older persons. If they are winning they glance at the audience gallery with a certain prideful disdain, as much as to say: "You see, it is as easy as that; my ego is successfully operating to-day." If they are losing, they face the gallery after each coup, when they slip over fifty or a hundred thousand francs' worth of chips to the winning banker, with an expression somewhat like that of an actor who knows that the play is rotten but he can't help it.

After all, I have never yet been able to get the point of view of the daily Press which attempts to hold up a mirror to Nature and decry the play in the Continental casinos. If nothing else, it gives an object in life to many of these people of the fashionable monde or semi-monde category, who at bottom are dear, good souls, rather tired of doing things in the same old ways, and who have as much right to self-expression as the young darlings who rush wide-eyed round the offices and dance halls of the Strand and Piccadilly, or who have reverted to Nature under the cloak of nudism, or those millions of cold-nosed Protestants of the dear United States who get their amusement by trying to keep other people from drinking themselves to death.

*A RIVIERA NOCTURNE*

*A night-time impression of the Casino at Juan-les-Pins. It is a favourite resort of many wealthy gamblers, and high play is often the order of the day—and night.*

I HAVE been trying to do some tiresome mathematical figuring on the comparative amount of money changing hands in other forms of gambling. One of these is the Stock Market. That problem is beyond counting. On horse racing the sums of money placed, and either lost or won, in England each year is between six and eight million pounds. In European casinos, of which there are about a hundred that really count, the sums of money placed each year and won or lost is upwards of three million pounds. There is a further distinction to be made between betting on horse racing and betting in the casinos.

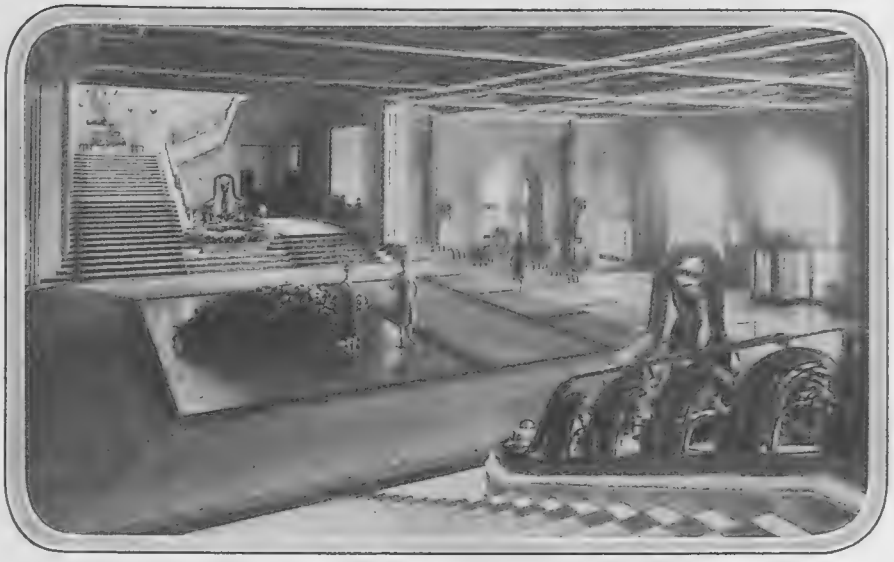
There have been some rather unsavoury examples lately of horses being fed too many speed concoctions, to the injury of the honest and ignorant bystander. Heaven knows that no one has ever suspected the roulette and baccarat tables of the United States of being honestly conducted. You and I also know just how honest is the gambling on the golf links and the greens of the world, at the bridge tables, and the other dizzy forms of gambling which the modern world is inventing in order to assert its ego.

But when we come to the French casinos, at least, if we lose our money we lose it by fair means. I do not speak of the Cercles and the artistic clubs where games of Chance are enjoyed surreptitiously in the cities of France, as in the cities of England and America and Germany and the other fifty nations of the earth. I mean French casinos proper.

THIS is where French organisation and French logic shines. One may say what one wishes about the efficiency of French railways, or the French military organisation, or the French telephone, or what not, but when it comes to the French casino baccarat rooms, they are run on lines of reason-

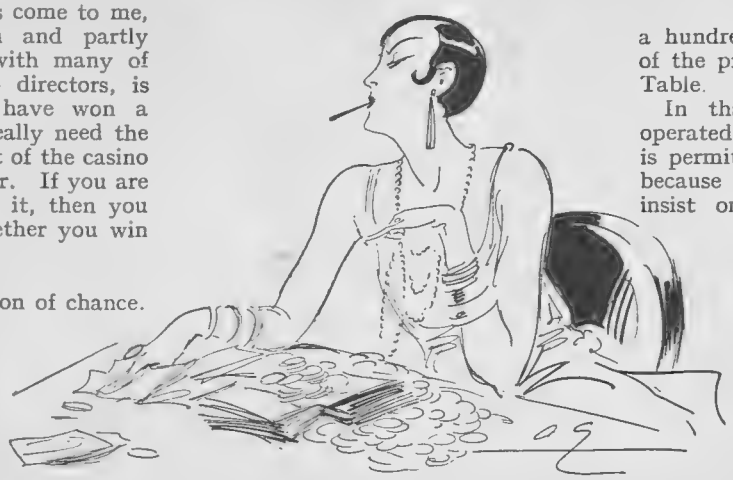
able honesty. The personnel is chosen for honesty and discretion. There is the most intricate organisation to see that the cards are properly shuffled and that there is little cheating. The Government sees to all this, because it uses the tax on this money for the upkeep of hospitals and orphanages and other charitable or public institutions. In its wisdom as a Government it knows that it is human nature to gamble and it cannot be stopped, so it sees at least that some of the money bet by fools or fashionables is wisely and properly diverted. It is a point of honour with each casino and with all the employees to see that each and every one of them is scrupulously honest and, furthermore, that the players do not cheat. The penalty for a player caught cheating is at once instant and irrevocable and eternal exclusion from every French casino, if he is not sent to gaol.

Now we come to the question of the chance of the game. That is a matter between you and your ego. The little practical wisdom that has come to me, partly from observation and partly from practice and talk with many of the croupiers and casino directors, is that the moment you have won a reasonable sum, if you really need the money, get up and go out of the casino and stay out of it for ever. If you are there just for the fun of it, then you are getting your fun whether you win or lose.



*A corner of the vestibule of the Palais de la Mediterranée at Nice, showing the beautiful staircases. This is the most luxurious and artistic of all casinos and represents the best in modern interior decorating*

To illustrate the question of chance. One of the most delightful men I know is the chef for the boule table at one of the big casinos. He himself told me that once he took fifty francs in single pieces and went to one of the smaller tables at Vichy, where he played each franc on the same number—five—for fifty times without winning a single time.



*"If they are winning, they glance at the audience gallery with a certain prideful disdain"*

While we were talking two English women came in and began to play at one of the boule tables. By the way, boule is known as the Idiots' Delight. This is no reflection on the ladies, but they do favour boule. These two ladies began to play the number five with hundred franc pieces. That number came up five times running. At the end of the five times they picked up their winnings and walked out, their ego in a blaze of glory.

Inasmuch as this is fundamentally an article on money and morality, let me, almost by way of a postscript, end it with a final incident, which might be entirely moral if in the motive there was not also an element of possible vanity.

A prominent man who controls one of the world's finest casinos last year deliberately threw out of his own reach a hundred and fifty thousand pounds of the profits that came from the Big Table.

In that casino the Big Table is operated by a banker, and this banker is permitted to operate this Big Table because the very wealthy players insist on the high stakes that can only be found in straight baccarat.

However, the owner of the casino in question will have no part of the possible profits that this banker may acquire during a successful season. The man in question does not happen to need money very badly, nor does he mind if people insist on playing at the Big Table, but if they lose there he wants none of their money.

This incident would be very moral indeed, and probably is, if this man were merely a kindly, genial soul who does not want to touch this sort of money. I do not know, but I fancy, however, that there is another psychological element involved, that of vanity, which leads him to wish to prevent anyone from saying that he possesses any such money.

Really, there is a lot of oozy psychology bound up in the ego of Lady Chance!

W. S. H.

Sport and General

*Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim dictating a new book to his secretary, Miss Simms, on the sunlit loggia of his villa at Cagnes-sur-Mer, overlooking the golf links and the Mediterranean. He will shortly contribute one of a series of articles on "The Truth About Women," in which leading authors will take off the gloves and say exactly what they think. Prominent women writers will reply to the opinions expressed by their male antagonists*

# WIT AND WISDOM FROM WOMEN By 'Junius"

PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO'S latest book, *Portrait of Caroline* (Hutchinson, 6*s.*), which is her sixth, is, I think, the best of them all because it is so subtle. When you meet a clever or amusing person it is infinitely more interesting to find out their cleverness or wit for yourself than to have them labelled by your hostess. And when you come to the end of this delightful book you have a portrait of Lady Caroline Wraybury, clear and distinct, in your mind, yet, with all the softness, the delicate suggestion, of a silver-point.

To tell a story by inference presents a cheval de frise of difficulties—your readers can so easily get muddled on the prongs of suggestion or allusion. But the author, in a series of letters written by the members of a house party, and in letters received by them, during a four days' visit, gives us one cameo of character after the other with that of Lady Caroline dominating them all.

And they are all interesting people, too, some of them with a pretty wit. Writes one visitor of another, a lady: "A monument to the temptations that men have resisted." Another writes to a spendthrift: "Nobody knows better than you how to make a lot go a little way." And of another guest: "I would just as soon think of being kind to a cathedral."

Wit, delicate and airy, flashes all through the book. The only quarrel I have with its author is that she gives Lady Caroline's love letter—the background to a perfectly drawn portrait — in French. She says translation drained it of all point. There I don't agree. And to those who don't understand French one side of Lady Caroline's character will be a blank. But since there is so much else of the exquisite, the delicate and suggestive, they probably won't grumble.

S

I MUST confess to complete ignorance of Carl Akeley's explorations in Africa. That ignorance has been swept away by one of the most engrossing books of travel I have read for a long time, *Carl Akeley's Africa*, by Mary L. Jobe Akeley (Gollancz: 12*s.*).

Akeley had a passion for Africa. With each expedition he found that its wild animals were rapidly decreasing, chiefly owing to big game hunters and the advance of civilisation. Three years ago he went to East Africa with the object of collecting specimens of animals for the African Hall of the American Museum of Natural History. Thanks to Akeley that museum is now the most complete of its kind in the world. A skilled taxidermist, he and his helpers gave the Museum groups of African animals literally, "in their habit as they lived," and set in scenery faithfully copied from the African deserts, veldt and mountains

Akeley was much more than a taxidermist. He was an artist, a sculptor, the lover of the beauty of animal form. Unhappily, he died on this expedition, and his wife, who tells the story, carried on his work to its conclusion. The book holds you by its simplicity and its vivid descriptions of a world where the motor car has superseded the ox-wagon, and where wild animals have now to be preserved both by the English and the Belgians.

S

I WONDER how many marriages have come to disaster through cramped quarters and an untidy wife and untidy husband? Miss Doris Leslie doesn't advance this reason in her novel, *Terminus* (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.*), as even a contributory cause to the tragedy that befel Annette and Phil Walton, but her conception of the situation is so complete that I think one can

(Continued on page 276).

J. D. BERESFORD

*Who has written a new type of detective novel in "An Innocent Criminal," to be published by Collins on February 16. He has made the actual crime plot of secondary importance to the perfectly natural treatment of characterisation and general detail*

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*John Prioleau*, THE OBSERVER, *Jan.* 25, 1931.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 274)

MISS DORIS LESLIE

*Whose latest novel, "Terminus," is reviewed by "Junius" this week. It is published by Messrs Hirst and Blackett at 7s. 6d.*

take the deadly proximity of the two in their Hampstead flat as the beginning of the end. It is a clever story. Annette sacrifices her career as a novelist to a man whom she endows with every mental attribute because of his physical attraction. She is bitterly disillusioned. And the man is not wholly to blame. They look along different levels. The clash of temperaments is worked out convincingly, and Annette's character is so well drawn that you realise the sacrifice she is ultimately called upon to make is exactly what she would do.

MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES has written many books dealing with crime, books which have had a great success. But she has done nothing better than *Letty Lynton* (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.). She tells us in a foreword that she has taken the facts of a famous murder trial of the middle nineteenth century and used them in a modern setting. The trial, obviously, is that of Madeline Smith, who was tried in Scotland for poisoning her lover with arsenic, and escaped the gallows on the "Not Proven" verdict of the jury. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has used the facts most ingeniously, and has had the courage to go against the convention of the crime novel by showing her heroine to be guilty. But I can't help a small grumble. Why does this engrossing writer slip from the past tense to the present? It spoils the effect of some of her most thrilling moments.

I DON'T know whether the announcement that the author of a first book is own granddaughter to a General who is also a Knight is an inducement to read her book. But apparently the publisher thinks so, because the relationship is set out in the cover of *Another Man's Poison*, by Nerina Shute (Grant Richards: 7s. 6d.). The lady herself gives a "note in introduction," in which she says she has not written the book "with any idea of shocking the readers, or of making money by exploiting sensation." Dear me! How widely knowledgeable some of our young women writers are! So knowledgeable that they surely must have been sitting on shock absorbers from their childhood and can't understand the effect of literary shock on other people. I must admit that the mother's character as seen through the daughter's eyes is

*Hoppé.*

PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO

*Her new book, "Portrait of Caroline" (Hutchinson: 6s.), presents a clever and charming pen portrait of a Society hostess*

well portrayed. But the mother and her lovers are an unpleasant lot of people. Miss Shute should go through a course of elementary grammar, then she would learn that "you," "she," and "they" cannot be used indiscriminately to indicate the same person.

I DON'T know whether Mrs. Cecil Chesterton had any particular object in writing *Women of the Underworld* (Stanley Paul: 5s.), as she had in writing *In Darkest London*, but she has given us a realistic picture of the existence led by women who live by fraud and thieving. And she shows, too, how mere accident of environment may mean the difference between an honest life and a dishonest one. With some women, she says, thieving, especially shop-lifting, is a craving for excitement and thrill, the same impulse which sends other women to racecourses and boxing matches. She mentions one interesting point. Women thieves hold prostitutes in profound contempt; a contempt which the prostitutes return. Another point is that the more humane methods of dealing with young offenders helps many of them to give up a life of crime. It is a book everyone should read because few people besides Mrs. Chesterton know of this side of London's underworld.

MR. ANDREW SOUTAR set himself a difficult subject when he took certain differences of outlook in the Church of England for the theme of his latest novel, *Some Fell Among Thieves* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.) It is difficult, in order to convey those differences, not to accentuate the militancy of the Church Militant on the one hand, and the narrowness of outlook and intense conservatism of the other school. And I think Mr. Soutar has fallen into exaggeration, since his Mark Lammering on the one side, and the village parson on the other, are the extremes of their types. But I expect the book will please many readers who are interested in such things.

Here are two further books which are well worth reading:—

*Detective Days*, by Frederick Porter Wensley (Cassell: 12s. 6d.). Graphic stories of how Bywaters, Mrs. Thompson, Stinie Morrison, Armstrong the poisoner, and other celebrated criminals were brought to justice during the forty-two years Mr. Wensley was at Scotland Yard.

*The Blue Rajah Murder*, by Harold MacGrath (John Long: 7s. 6d.). A story of the theft of a wonderful diamond. The scene is laid in America, and you go at thrilling and breakneck speed through New York's underworld.

FREDERICK NIVEN

*Whose books have earned for him the designation of "the Scottish Chekhov." His latest book, "The Paisley Shawl," will be published by Collins on February*

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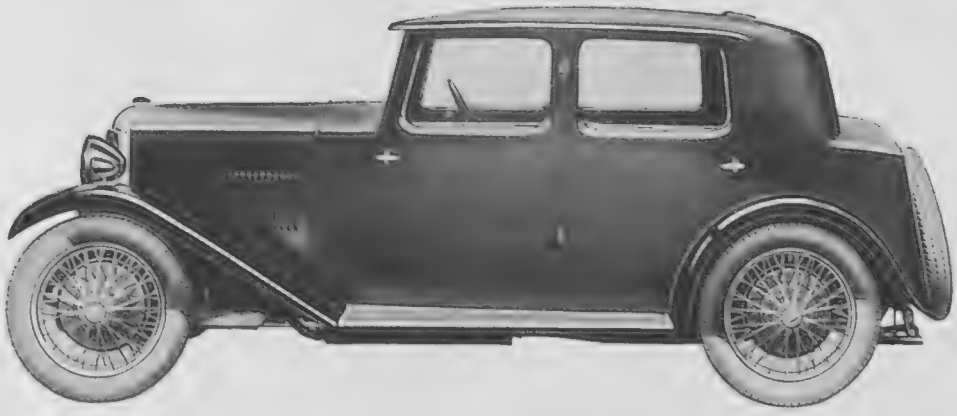

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DOGS

# CRUFT'S THE INCOMPARABLE

BY
LADY KITTY RITSON

I SUPPOSE you think that a dog-show is merely a collection of barking dogs with nothing to add to the interest, but you are wrong, as you will presently see if you will accompany me round Cruft's, the largest show held in England. I am sure you will not be able to resist buying a dog, and if you purchase one which has won here you can be sure of purchasing something which has the hall-mark of caste, for it takes the best to win at Cruft's.

NOW, where shall we begin? You can mention any breed you like, and I will lead you to it and tell you a few of its idiosyncrasies, and also who is judging and any interesting bit of gossip about them that I can think of. So you must acknowledge that I am a good guide. You want to see a Schnautzer? All right, but don't talk as if it were a tiger or something equally undomesticated.

There they are over there—those grey, wire-coated dogs about the size of Irish terriers. If they were being shown in Germany they would have cropped ears, which gives them a rather more alert expression, but cropping is not allowed in England. They are rather charming, aren't they? The judge is Mynheer Alblas, and presently you will see him testing them for character. No shy dog has a chance under a foreign judge, but sometimes their tests are so alarming that the exhibitors themselves jump back in terror! The Duchess of Montrose is showing, you notice. She is one of the leading lights in Schnautzerdom.

MR. C. CRUFT

*The presiding genius of the famous show that bears his name and has, in the course of years, become world-famous*

*Sport and General*

*Dame Fortune and Lucky Star, two magnificent Cocker Spaniels entered for Cruft's. They are the property of Mr. H. S. Lloyd, of Swakeley's Farm, Ickenham, one of the best-known and most successful breeders in the country*

MORE grey dogs! Yes. Keeshonden, another foreign breed. I am very fond of them, with their lovely long grey coats. They are really large Pomeranians—in fact, relations of all the Eskimo, Samoyede and Husky tribe. They were thought nothing of in their native country, Holland, until some English person saw them and realised how attractive they are, and imported them into this country. Now, probably there are better specimens here than abroad. The judge is Mr. Schuld, who is also judging dachshunds, both smooth- and wire-coated. Dachshunds have become very popular again, especially the wire variety. The latter have harsh coats like fox-terriers, either leaf-brown, red or grizzled. They have charming whiskered faces and dark, pathetic eyes, but they are the gamest little beasts imaginable. Oh! you must buy the delicious puppy you have just seen. Very well. I'll ask his price. Twenty-five guineas. No, you won't get it for less; they are the fashionable breed of the moment, and I told you that a win here counted for a great deal. Oh! you can get a companion puppy for five pounds, or less?

NOW, you really must watch the "Any Variety, not Otherwise Scheduled" class, for here you may find the leading breed of To-morrow All the most popular breeds made their first bow to the public in this class—Alsatians, elkhounds, and any number of others. Those fascinating little dogs are Thibetan spaniels, and the magnificent big brutes are Thibetan mastiffs. The chestnut-coloured dogs with prick ears and curled tails are Finks Spetz, perhaps one of the most lovable and lovely of the Northern type of dog. They are an ideal size, have an ideal character, and their colouring is unique.

Over there is the Obedience ring, where the Alsatians are being put through wonderful tests. They have to lie in one place for ten minutes with their owners out of sight, walk at heel, "speak," and, above all, jump in open competition. The jump begins at six feet six inches, and rises by six-inch stages to eight feet six inches, and thence by three-inch stages until only one dog is left in. They don't jump so much as clamber up, clawing their way over and down. You may, or may not, like them, but they have won a niche in public favour which they will never lose, and, furthermore, they are magnificent workers

YOU mustn't go away without taking a look at Spiller's Victoria Foods, because they supply the most delectable biscuit foods for puppies and grown dogs. They taste so good that you can eat them yourself if you are running short. If you really mean to buy that wire-haired dachshund puppy, you had better purchase him one of those gay red leads that are on the stall and some puppy biscuits. Then you can't go wrong if you buy a copy of Spiller's Dog Book. It only costs 2s., and Lord Lonsdale has written a preface.

WHAT! You must have a Finks Spetz puppy as well? All right; we'd better have another lead—one of the many-coloured ones this time, and then we'll see about making our purchases. Yes, being puppies, you can take them both away to-night.

Why, of course, you'll be showing at Cruft's next year. You're a full-fledged dog-fancier now.

*Do not forget that there is free Veterinary advice at your disposal by a fully qualified Veterinary Surgeon for your dog if, when required, you will communicate with me.*

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Observe the magnificent appearance and "condition" of the dogs at "Cruft's"—and reflect that these thousands of "living pictures of Canine health" owe their fitness to correct feeding!

For more than forty years past the dogs at each "Cruft's" Show have been fed on Spratt's foods exclusively—Spratt's, which all dogs like best, and which do all dogs most good.

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**SPILLERS SHAPES**

*because I then feel better than I was. And when I know I ought to eat, but have no appetite for meat, I find that I can always take these little treats which Spillers bake. I feel that I can recommend "Shapes" to my most fastidious friend, and he'll enjoy them just as I do, whether his name is Tray or Fido.*

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"SHAPES" are obtainable from all Dealers in Branded Cartons and Bags from 5d. upwards, also loose by the pound. Get some to-day!

*If you have any difficulty in obtaining locally, write to address below for FREE SAMPLE, stating name and address of your usual dealer.*

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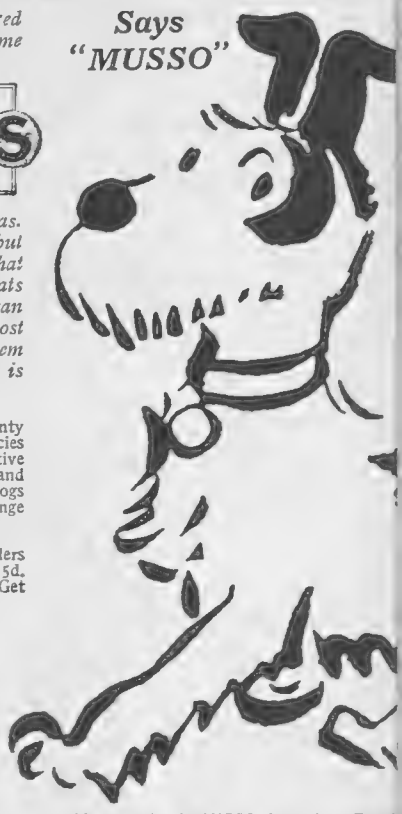
Says "MUSSO"



*This portrait of MUSSO from the "Evening Standard" was specially drawn by Low for Spillers. It illustrates perfectly the eager anticipation induced by Spillers "SHAPES"*

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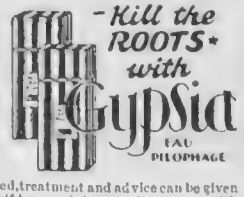


*"The Magic of Islam."*

# NORTH AFRICAN MOTOR TOURS

Verdure and blossom — Peak and chasm — Mosque and minaret — Ghostly ruins and teeming bazaars — Golden sands and glittering seguias — Princely palaces and mud cities — Sunset and the Muezzin.

A magnificent tour in the Land of the Stork, the scarlet ibis and the golden date—the land of blood-red dawn, gorgeous sunset, and peerless translucent light.

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**BUT to see the Sahara's greatest wonders you must get to the South.**
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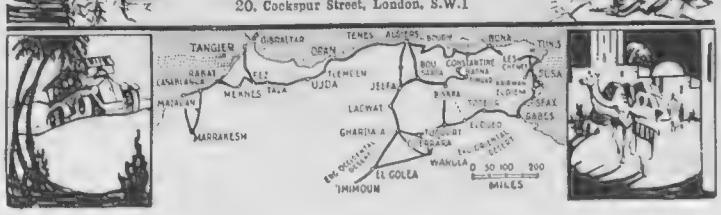


**BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST**

To toast the victor console the van quished — Castillon a true Cognac di tilled and mature in the Cognac di trict. The full flavou and captivatin bouquet prized by th connoisseur make Castillon a welcom friend at any tim

*Order Castillon eith in whole or ha bottles or handy pock flasks from yo usual wine and spi merchant or t principal stores*

**CASTILLON**
COGNAC

*Willing* C.C. 42

*FLYING NOTES*

# CAN WE KEEP THE TROPHY?

By Capt. C. E. Ward

***Famous Firms Competing***

THERE are two main factors to consider when estimating our chances of winning the Schneider Trophy for the third time in succession: first of all whether our machines can be ready in time, and, secondly, can the challengers, France and Italy, produce others to beat us? As regards the first point, there is no doubt that two of the Supermarine S6 type used in 1929 can be ready, and they should be able to maintain an air speed in excess of 350 m.p.h. after the incorporation of improved features which have been developed during the past year. The Gloster-Napier machines are also capable of similar speed, and a further Supermarine of the S6 or Rolls-Royce type is to be built, so that we shall have four or five machines with which to train our pilots and choose the entries. On the point as to whether the French or the Italians can produce something very much better, it is impossible to get reliable information, but from a close study of their latest efforts, and some knowledge of the difficulties which they are up against, I should say it is most unlikely that they can exceed 330 m.p.h. Although such famous names as Savoia, Fiat and Isotta-Fraschini appear amongst the Italian probables, and Nieuport, Bernard, Renault, Lorraine and Hispano-Suiza amongst French firms in active preparation for the race, the necessary research work for supercharging, steam and oil-cooling, and intensive streamlining down to the smallest rivet, takes a vast amount of time and experiment, and it has not been undertaken so thoroughly abroad as in this country. Perhaps the excitement over our entry has done some good, because everyone concerned is now keyed up for a great effort. The public having convinced itself that the Trophy is worth winning, it expects the Government to give the Royal Aero Club and the manufacturing firms whole-hearted support.

*THE COMPER "SWIFT"*

*A single-seater monoplane with a top speed of 145 m.p.h. It is specially designed to carry comfortably the luggage usually required for a week-end holiday*

***A Sportsman's Mount***

I HAVE just received some interesting details about the Comper "Swift," which is now in full production. First of all, the price is low, the performance excellent, and all machines are sent out fully equipped in the same way as a car, with the exception that a compass is an extra, this being an item so important to pilots that most of them prefer to choose their own type. The "Swift" can be obtained with a 40 h.p. "Scorpion" at £400; the maximum speed exceeds 100, landing being accomplished quite safely at 35 m.p.h. At the other extreme, the high-speed model, with a 75 h.p. "Pobjoy" engine, sells at £525, has a ceiling of more than 20,000ft., and uses 5 gallons of petrol per hour, cruising at 125. The range is 300 air miles, carrying a useful load of 290 lb. Selfridges are marketing a large number of these machines, and a demonstration model is on show in Oxford Street. Good visibility from the pilot's seat being one of the most important factors in the present-day light 'plane, it will be noted that the "Swift" excels in this respect. The cockpit is very comfortable, with various adjustments to suit the individual. Two luggage compartments are included in the body, that in front containing a strong fibre suitcase, with provision behind the seat for golf clubs or other light articles. Private owners will be interested to know that any shed 19ft. long, 9ft. wide, and 8ft. in height will house one of these machines, the wings being folded by the simple operation of drawing out two locking pins, which takes no more than half a minute to accomplish. For Club solo flying and as a sporting single-seater, the "Swift" has a future.

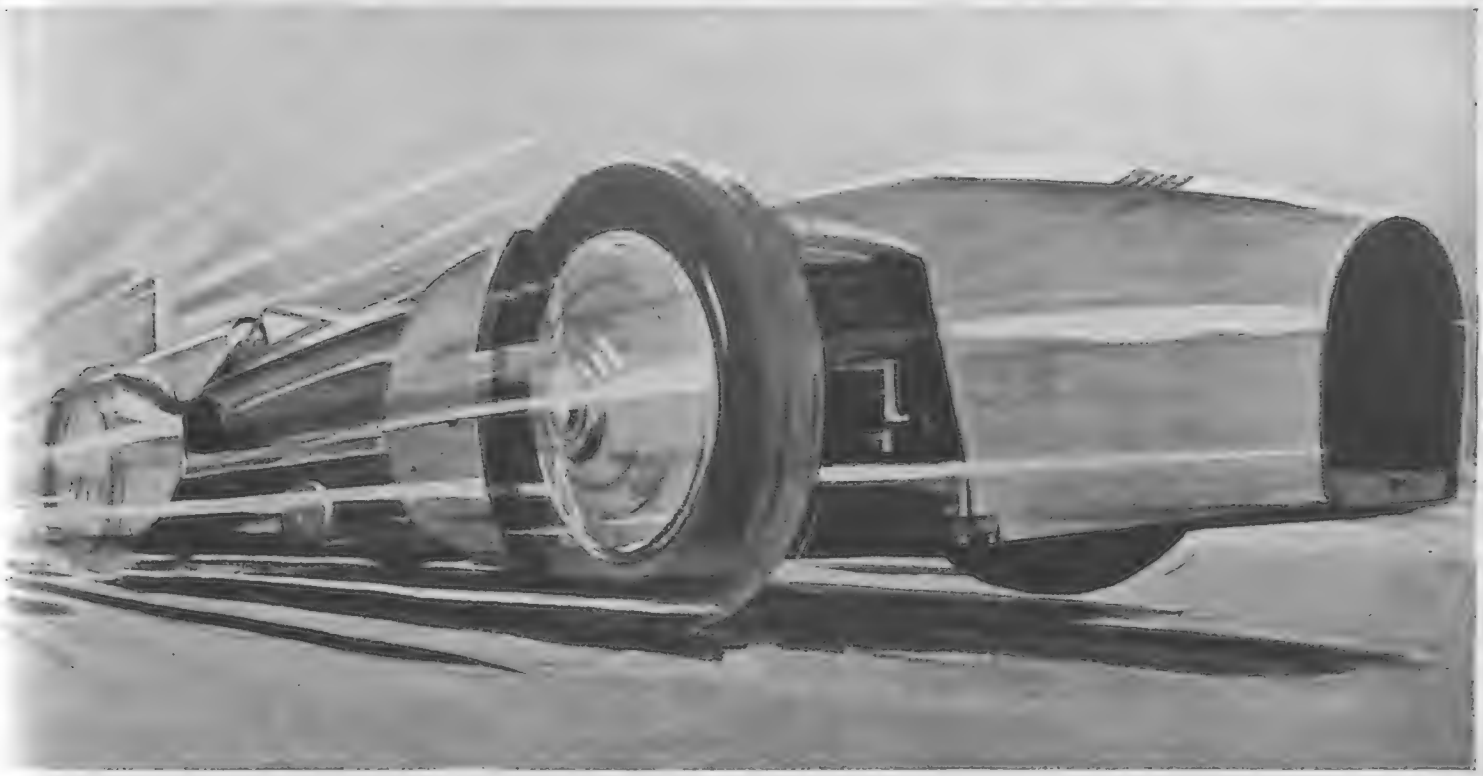
***Auto Gliding and Air Trailers***

THIS, as its name implies, is gliding assisted by an auto, the method adopted being to attach the glider to a car and tow it like a kite until it is airborne, which occurs at 17 miles an hour. The new sport has become fashionable at Hanworth Park, where N.F.S. have a gliding section. The 'planes used for recent demonstrations were designed by Mr. C. H. Lowe-Wylde, of the British Aircraft Company, Maidstone. He has been able to reach a height of 350 feet before casting off the leading cable, after which circuits of the aerodrome were made. Developments to be expected are craft with dual control and sailplanes especially designed for operation from aerodromes, as opposed to hilly country to which the sport has hitherto been confined. A demonstration of an "airtrailer" will be made at Hanworth on Saturday.

*Central News*

*Colonel The Master of Sempill, on horseback, discussing operations with Mr. Lowe-Wylde at Hanworth Park during gliding experiments. The glider was towed by a motor car and the experiments proved very successful*

# 245 M.P.H!



The Fastest Land Speed ever attained! Captain Malcolm Campbell has broken the World's Record! Of course, the NAPIER engine of his "Bluebird" was lubricated with CASTROL, the Product of an ALL-BRITISH Firm. No man has exceeded 200 m.p.h. on land without the aid of

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**Fastest Speed ever attained by a Motorcycle (150 m.p.h.); Motor Boat (98 m.p.h.); Outboard Motor Boat (51 m.p.h.)**

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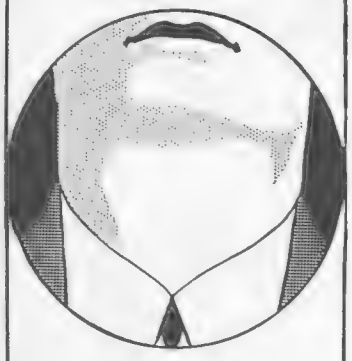

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**FORMAMINT**

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protects you against infectious diseases, such as Influenza, Diphtheria, etc.

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**SOLID DYED CANDLES**

*for Illumination & Decoration*

THE PERFECT GIFT ON ALL OCCASIONS

"Nell Gwynn" Candles prove a permanent delight; their colours are solid dyed, not surface tinted. The special new Gift Box containing four 14-inch Candles with four flat Candle-Sticks to match, and costing only 5/-, makes an ideal prize for Bridge Parties and Competitions.

**FREE:** A booklet "Lights of Other Days" will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. A, London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the reign of Charles the First. *Aldwych*



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*The "Antiquary"*

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*Cream of Scotland*

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**Automobile Elegance Competition.**

***March 21st :***

**Gala of French and Foreign Costumes.**

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## THE HUMAN HAIR :

### "HOW TO KEEP IT IN HEALTH."

### "HOW TO TREAT IT IN DISEASE."

*By Prof.* **HARLEY PARKER,**
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Author of "Scalp and Facial Massage," "Uric Acid and the Hair," "The Hair and the Nervous System," "Alopecia Areata," "Anæmia and the Hair," etc.

**CONTENTS**

Why the hair falls off, or turns grey, and the remedies.
How the hair grows, and how to quicken its growth.
The effects of "shingling" and of the "permanent" wave.
How "nerves" and uric acid react upon the hair.
The treatment of scurf and scalp irritation.
Scalp massage and electric stimulation, etc.
Skin diseases that affect the hair.
Diet and hair health.
On washing, brushing and singeing the hair.
The effects upon the hair of sea bathing, of the sun's rays, and of excessive perspiration.
The after effects of influenza upon growth and colour.
The care of children's hair.
Microscopic examination as an aid to the detection of hair disease.
Rational treatment of the Skin and Complexion.

**PRESS NOTICES**

"Everybody should read this little book." —*Scotsman.*

"The new facts related by the Professor have come upon us as a kind of revelation." —*The Guardian.*

"The precepts he lays down for the management, preservation and restoration of the hair are at once simple, lucid and convincing." —*Medical Record.*

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***Free Consultations Daily.***
*'Phone:* Vic. 2215.

# Fashions Fancies

*Exclusive* BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

## A GRACEFUL EVENING DRESS

*It has come hot-foot from Paris to the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It is carried out in lace, the colour being the darkest shade in lapis lazuli, which has a kindly influence on the skin. There are sleeve draperies and a buckle, while flounces are present on the skirt*

# GINGHAM HATS and FOREHEAD VEILS

*Spring is indelibly stamped on this wrap-coat of H. J. Nicoll and Co. It is built of camel-hair cloth with a chenille finish. The collar is adjustable and the pockets are capacious*

### The Third Piece

THE third piece—blouse or jumper, call it what you will—is rapidly coming into its own, and is demanding the utmost consideration. As the tuck-in models will be worn, skirts are being very neatly finished with leather or fabric belts. Some are reinforced with small buckles to match the necklace. Satin is a favourite fabricating medium in delicate non-committal pastel shades. The blouses are decorated with drawn threadwork stitching and tucks. Another material that is making a tentative bid for favour is a silk that has been woven on a mitten machine; it is strewn with small holes, and, as it is remarkably soft, is endowed with unique draping possibilities. These blouses are rather expensive. Silk striped to suggest piqué is coming to the fore; it is used for double-breasted waistcoats, the pearl buttons being as large as shillings. As soon as the warm weather arrives white and coloured voile blouses will be regarded as modish.

### The Russian Tunic Again

IN striking contrast to the tuck-in blouses are the Russian tunics; generally speaking, they are of the same material as the dress. They may be simulated and not separate affairs, the deep hem being arranged to suggest the skirt. A decidedly new note is struck when the yoke and hem are of a different material to the skirt. It is believed that dresses for afternoon functions will be of satin with chiffon tunics, or the position of affairs may be reversed, when the tunics will be of satin and the dresses of chiffon. As will be readily understood there will be many variations on this theme. Short coats of every kind will have their rôles to play; they will be seen in conjunction with long coats.

### Something New in Coats

SPRING ever brings forth something new in coats; the model illustrated on the left comes from H. J. Nicoll and Co., 120, Regent Street, W. It is built of camel-hair cloth with a chenille effect. The collar is becoming; a strong point in its favour is that it can be arranged in a variety of ways. As will be seen it is double-breasted, the scheme being completed with useful pockets and belts Notwithstanding its manifold attractions it is moderately priced at £6 6s. There is an almost herring-bone effect, the colours being grey, brown and fawn. It is capital news that this firm are specialising in made-to-measure coats and skirts for seven guineas. The cut and tailoring have no rivals to fear unless it be the quality of the materials. Furthermore, there are ready-to-wear coats for five guineas.

### Gingham Hats and Rafia Toques

MONOTONY is banished from the world of millinery this season; a visit to Gorringes, in Buckingham Palace Road, will convince the most sceptical of this fact. The trio of models pictured may be seen there. The shady hat at the top is carried out in black and white gingham; red, navy or brown may take the place of the black: in either instance the price is 39s. 6d. The toque below is of white rafia, the wing effect being accentuated with black silk; it is 49s. 6d. The acme of smartness is the three-guinea satin turban at the base—note the clever manner in which it is moulded to the head and the amusing feather fantasie at the apex. It must not be overlooked that there is a splendid collection of pull-on caps and berets from 12s. 11d. to 2½ guineas. They are particularly appropriate for wearing with the fashionable large collars. The forehead veil is made of a special net. It is put on before the hat, and matches the hair.

*There are hats for every type of face at Gorringes. The shady model at the top is of gingham, the one in the centre is of rafia, and the chef-d'œuvre at the base of satin*

MOTOR NOTES

# BOOSTING BRITAIN — By E. M. Wright

CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S achievements at Daytona are evidence enough that the British motor engineer is supreme. They are proof, too, that we have no need to rely upon the reputation of a dead man, but have others ready to take up the torch where the immortal Segrave laid it down. As on land, so on the water. Kaye Don has shown himself a worthy successor to Segrave, and the "Miss England II" of to-day is a better boat than when she was first launched a year ago. Captain Malcolm Campbell and Kaye Don have both, however, had to face a chorus of more or less ill-natured criticism. The general public does not realise that for the sake of our national prestige it is impossible that we should rest on our laurels. We must for ever strive after further successes.

* * *

WE are lucky indeed to have enthusiasts who are ready to risk their lives rather than allow foreigners to steal our reputation from us. We are lucky, too, to have men of sufficient vision to support and encourage these attempts. Critics ask: Is the expense and the danger worth while? No one is more fitted to answer than Lord Wakefield, the patron of all forms of motor sport. He built "Miss England II," and it is with his backing that Kaye Don is to defend the world's record at Buenos Aires next March, and later to challenge Commodore Gar Wood, the American champion, for the British International Trophy, the blue riband of motor boat racing. "Miss England II," states Lord Wakefield, "does not represent an individual ambition, but is rather to be looked upon as a champion of Great Britain in American waters."

* * *

YIELDING to a national outcry, the Government has grudgingly consented to our competing in this year's Schneider Trophy—provided that "no expense will fall on public funds." For the sake of a few thousand pounds they will jeopardise a venture worth millions in national prestige. Mr. Victor Riley's letter to the Press surely states the sane, far-sighted view. "The lessons of ordinary advertising," he writes, "should teach us not to judge this event in relation to the immediate business it may or may not bring, but to treat it as an opportunity for 'prestige publicity' on behalf of the nation."

* * *

NOT only do we fail sufficiently to advertise our successes when we have achieved them; we either put every handicap in the way of success being achieved or so frame contests and competitions as to give every chance to the foreigner. As Mr. Frank Hallam has recently pointed out, we are practically the only big nation in the world which is prohibited from holding road races almost whenever it likes—with the result that in our one big road race, the Ulster T.T., a medley of cars of every class have to be included on a handicap basis. And the effect of this handicap—though not, of course, the intention—is to favour the foreign car. Our failure to organise road races in which British cars would compete on level terms with those from abroad is but an instance of our inability to recognise the importance of maintaining national prestige. Other countries are capturing world markets with products no better than our own, while we hide our light under a bushel or actually decry our own wares.

*A Ford "Fordor" Sunshine Saloon in an historical setting. It is seen climbing a hill in ancient Corfe, with the famous old Corfe Castle in the background*

### *At Montlhéry*

IN a high-speed endurance test at Montlhéry track recently an ordinary Singer Junior saloon completed over 1,216 miles in 24 hours, at an average speed of 50.7 m.p.h. The test was made under official observation, and the seals which were attached to the bonnet remained unbroken throughout. During the hours of darkness the track was unlighted except for the car's head lamps. Weather conditions were unfavourable, heavy rain and wind prevailing. The car was fitted with Triplex safety glass all round and ran on Wakefield's "Castrol" oil.

## IN THE NEWS

### *The New Austin "12-6"*

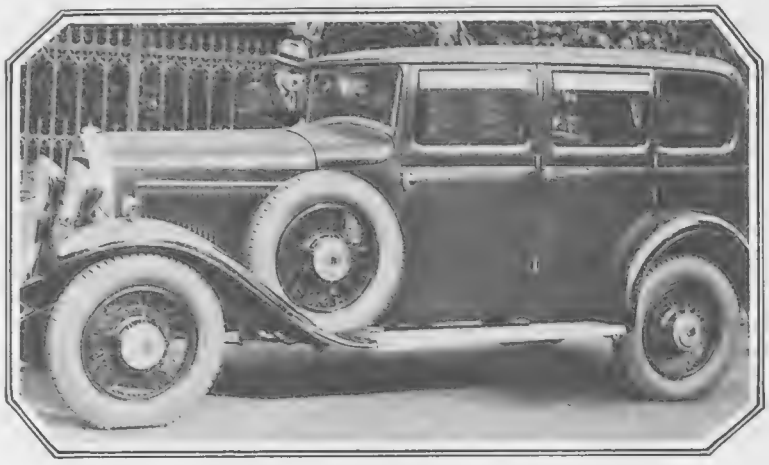
The announcement of a brand new model will always cause something of a stir, particularly when the model is a six-cylinder costing under £200, and is sponsored by one of our leading British concerns. The Austin "12-6" is a notably successful attempt to bring the luxury motor within the reach of every potential car owner, and in workmanship, performance and appearance it belies its extremely low price of £198 for the roomy four-seater saloon. It is not a small, stunted car, nor has its cheapness been arrived at by the use of freakish design. Savings have been effected by rigid simplification, and, indeed, simplicity and accessibility have been the aim of the

*The new Golden Crossley. This is an up-to-date, luxurious six-cylinder car of 20·9 h.p. It retails at the very moderate price of £575*

*MOTOR NOTES (continued)*

makers throughout. There are, for instance, only six places in the whole car which need to be greased and four places to fill with oil, apart from the engine sump. Every one of them can be reached without lifting or moving anything.

With a six-cylinder engine, taxed at £14, the car is capable of 55 m.p.h., and can easily maintain a cruising speed of 40 m.p.h. Thanks to the narrow radiator shell, the sloping windscreen, body lines which taper gently from the base upwards, and new waistline moulding, the appearance of the car is particularly attractive. The upholstery is carried out in cloth, and two important details which add to the car's finish are Triplex Safety glass and chromium plating. The three-speed gear box is centrally operated, and the petrol supply is by pump, the tank being placed at the rear of the car. Like all Austin cars, this "12-6" is not merely a seasonal model introduced for the sake of attracting publicity. It is designed to remain on the market for a considerable number of years, with only minor modifications whenever necessary. Depreciation is thus reduced to the lowest figure possible



*AN ARISTOCRAT OF THE ROAD*

*A new 20 h.p. Willys-Knight fitted with a fabric saloon body*

### *A New Lanchester Model*

During a visit to the Lanchester works in Birmingham recently I was shown over the latest Straight Eight by Mr. Archie Millership, their popular sales manager. This car has several very remarkable features. Chief amongst them, I think, is the use of the new ultra-light-weight metal, Elektron. This is 40 per cent. lighter than aluminium and said to be considerably stronger. Though amongst the oldest firms in the industry Lanchesters will prove to have been the first to adopt it, which shows that they are as progressive as ever. Everything possible is made of this new metal, including even the two front floor boards.

I was shown the manufacture of spring leaves, which the Lanchester carry out themselves. When the leaves are assembled a perforated brass strip carrying grease is inserted between each, so that the spring can never rust up and never lacks lubricant. The engine is a beautiful piece of work. In addition to the two gauze filters for the oil there is a magnetic filter which attracts to itself particles of metal, and with them grit and other things which might be injurious if allowed to continue in circulation in the oil. Two air cleaners are also fitted, and the plugs standardised are K.L.G.s, type K1. A new and very neat brake adjustment has been introduced so that, though the car is a big one, this operation could be carried out by a child if need be.

### *How to Find Fault*

The layman must often have wondered how these people who design and produce super-luxury cars can ever find room for improvements—even the "detail improvements," which is so familiar a phrase when the new season's models come round at Olympia time. However do they find fault with a production which, to novice and expert alike, seems absolutely perfect? This question was answered for me when I took the trial of the 8-litre Bentley referred to lately. Captain W. O Bentley, its designer, has adopted long-distance motoring as his hobby. This car of his only emerged from the "shops" after the Olympia Show, yet three weeks later, when I went out with him, its milometer registered 3,200 miles. Most of this he had done himself.

Prior to his leaving England for South America, H.R.H. Prince George honoured Bentley Motors, Ltd., with an order for one of the new 8-litre models. Messrs. Windover are the coachbuilders.

E. M. W.

LONDON'S SMARTEST RENDEZVOUS.

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THE GRILL ROOM (*famous the world over*) known as "*The Meeting Place of the Empire.*"

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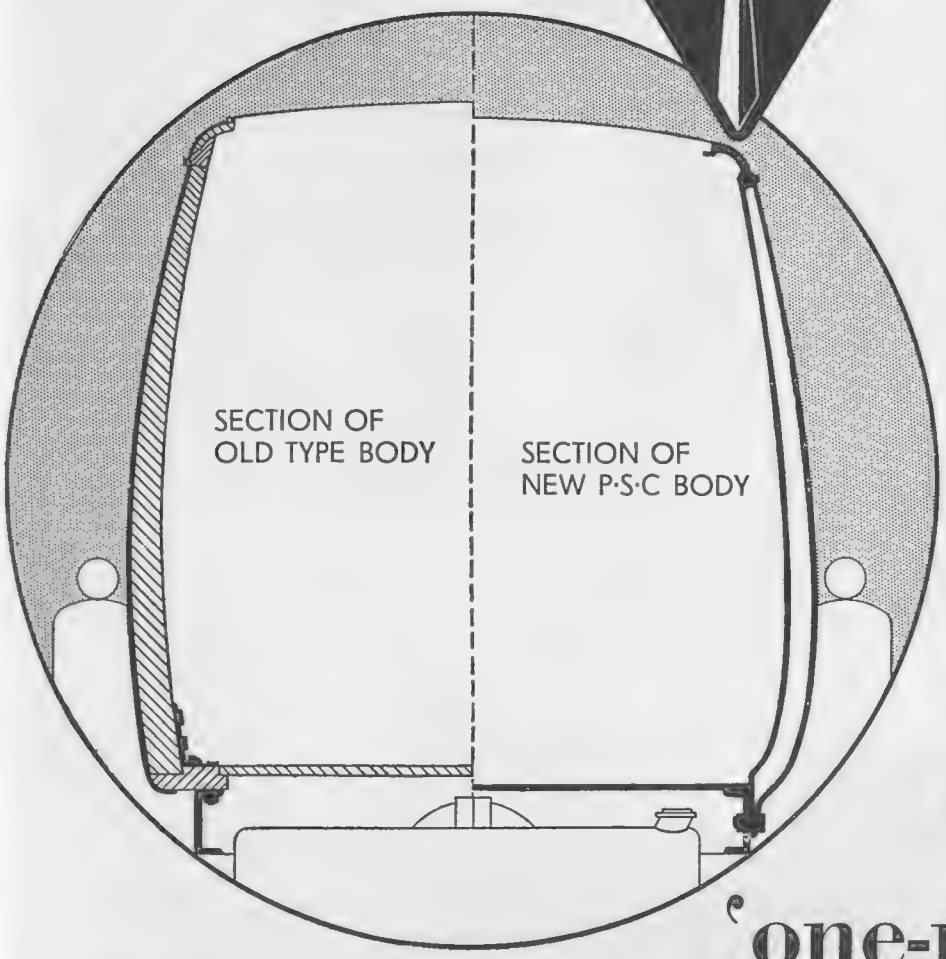
*Telephone: Regent 0160.* *Telegrams: "Piqudillo, London."*




# P·S·C Pressed Steel makes possible the 'one-piece' car

*The diagram shows how the new P·S·C pressed steel body (a) gets rid of the wooden sill by which the old type of body is perched on the chassis (b) makes body and chassis one integral unit, (c) increases the capacity of the body by eliminating bulky wooden members (d) lowers the centre of gravity of the body without loss of head-room.*

| | |
|---|---|
| MORRIS | AUSTIN |
| WOLSELEY | HILLMAN |
| ROVER | M.G. |

are using P·S·C Pressed Steel.

**Body and chassis should be one unit, not two. P·S·C makes it possible to *design* them as one and to *build* them as one. It gets rid of the wood sill that perches on the chassis and overhangs it. The all-steel body does not perch and does not overhang. It is secured to the chassis direct and, in this way, ensures lower lines without loss of head-room and with lowered centre of gravity. It is rigid and resistant; silent and safe; lighter but stronger because the unity of body and chassis—each strong as steel—adds still greater strength to both.**

# THE PRESSED STEEL COMPANY OXFORD

# THE GOURMET — By Emilia

**Dîner**

GRAPE FRUIT À L'AMERICAINE.

SAUMON
SAUCE HOLLANDAISE.

FILET DE BŒUF
À LA GRANDE-BRETAGNE.

EPINARDS EN BRANCHE.

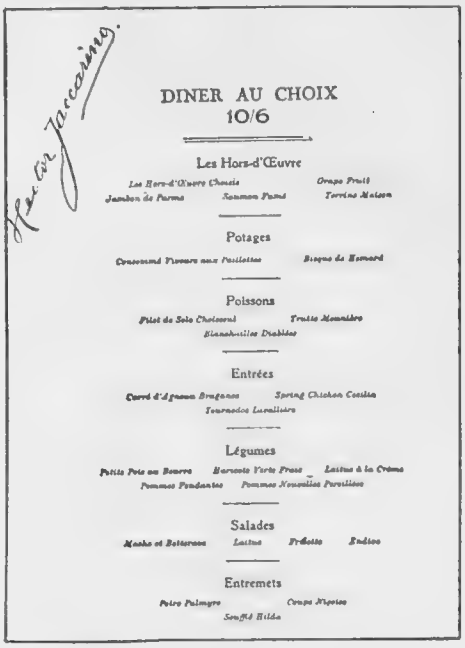
OMELETTE SOUFFLÉ À LA PARNASSE.

CHEESE STRAWS.

DESSERT. CAFÉ.

### *Saumon*
### *Sauce Hollandaise*

THE fish must be carefully scaled and cleaned. Put into a large pan with enough boiling salted water to cover it, add some lemon juice or vinegar, bring it quickly to the boil, take off the scum, and let it simmer gently till the fish is done. It is important that salmon be well cooked; the time allowed is eight to ten minutes to the pound, but this depends on the thickness of the fish. Garnish with cut lemon and parsley, and serve with SAUCE HOLLANDAISE.—Take 2 oz. of butter, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one dessertspoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, juice of half a lemon, salt, pepper, and cayenne. Beat the butter to a cream, add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten,




*The menu of a 10s. 6d. dîner au choix served at Hector's Restaurant, in Devonshire House. It has been signed by M. Hector Jaccarino*

the cream, mix in the vinegar very slowly, add the salt, pepper, and cayenne. Place the basin over a saucepan of boiling water, stir very carefully with a wooden spoon. Stir one way and be very careful it does not curdle. Remove from the fire and stir in the strained juice of half a lemon. This sauce can be served hot or cold.

### *Filet de Bœuf à la Grande-Bretagne*

TAKE a couple of pounds of fillet of beef and cut it into neat round slices, card them, and then slit them nearly in half. Make a farce of horseradish sauce and macaroni, and place some of this mixture into the slit in each fillet. Glaze them and let them sauté till done, serve them arranged in a circle, with potato straws in the centre, and a good rich brown sauce round.

### *Omelette Soufflé à la Parnasse*

TAKE four fresh eggs and break the yolks and whites into separate basins. Beat the yolks well; mix with them two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, a small pinch of salt, three macaroons finely crumbled, and a dessertspoonful of arrowroot. When these ingredients are thoroughly and smoothly mixed, add the whites of the eggs beaten to a firm froth. Pour the mixture into a well-buttered mould and half fill it. Then bake in a moderate oven. When the soufflé is set and lightly browned, it is done enough. Turn it out, sift powdered sugar over it, and serve as quickly as possible. Garnish it with jam round the base.

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| Paid-up Capital - - | £9,479,416 |
| Reserve Fund - - | £9,479,416 |
| Deposits, etc. (Dec., 1930) | £293,053,608 |

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# THE EDITOR'S BOX

### *For Men of Taste*

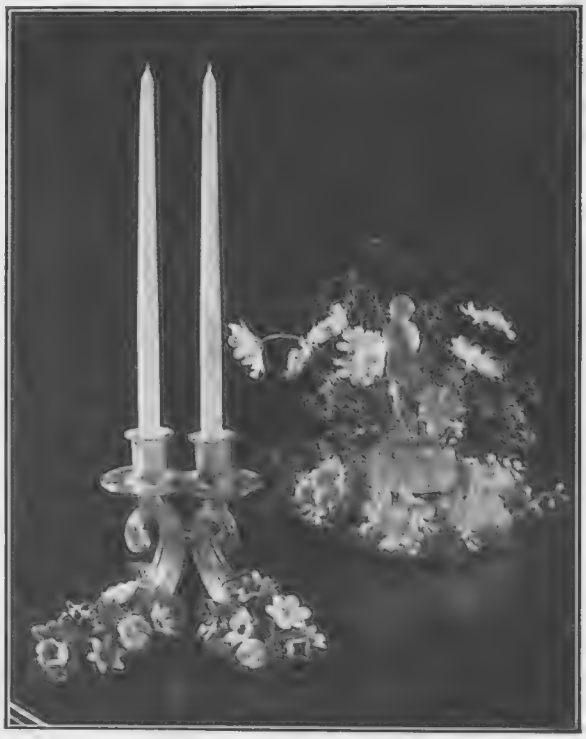
There is no doubt about it that the reason men always appreciate Tricoline shirts, collars and pyjamas, is that they wear extremely well. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to Tricoline, 19, Watling Street, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent. This fabric is remarkably silky and has a permanent lustrous finish, and is produced in a variety of stripes and plain colours, which are guaranteed fast. Care must be taken when purchasing to see that each garment has the Tricoline tab affixed.

### *Honour for British Advertising*

The Belgian authorities have conferred a Gold Medal and a Diploma of Honour on Dorland Advertising, Ltd., in recognition of their work for the Antwerp Exhibition in 1930. This is a tribute to British advertising as a whole, for the Dorland firm placed the advertisements for the Exhibition in the United States, Canada, France, Germany and Spain, as well as in Britain. A careful survey of the campaign in the different countries has been made, and it shows that the advertisements in London and provincial daily papers, and in a few magazines in this country, brought highly satisfactory results. A number of small classified advertisements, for example, brought 10,000 applications for a booklet, a sign of the pulling power of this type of insertion. The exhibition attracted a record number of visitors, many of them from England, and this, the organisers agree, was due to the advertising.

### *Something New for Smokers*

Although most smokers of "Rhodian" Cigarettes may prefer the larger packing, the new Rhodian "Six" (No. 2) now on sale at all tobacconists at 3d. per packet is a welcome introduction, and one which will undoubtedly make many new friends for this popular brand. The cigarettes are of standard size and are packed in a single layer which permits of the new packet being conveniently carried in the vest pocket. The new Rhodian Sixes are made from the same selected Rhodesian Leaf as that used in the larger packings of 25 and 50, selling at 1*s.* 1*d.* and 2*s.* 2*d.* respectively. The already high reputation and great popularity of Rhodian cigarettes will be increased by the advent of the "Six."

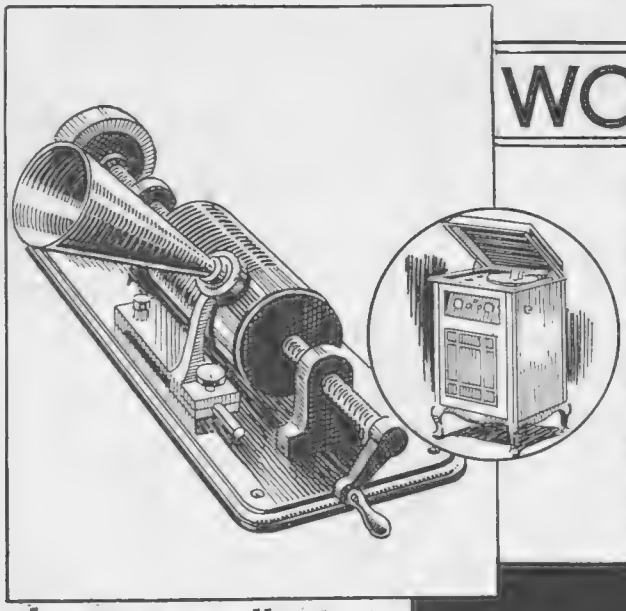


*THE CANDLE BEAUTIFUL*

*Artistic "Nell Gwynn" candles which lend an added charm to the decoration in any room. They are manufactured by Messrs. J. C. and J. Field, Ltd.*

### *A Bank's Good Progress*

Sir Harry Goschen's speech at the recent annual general meeting of the National Provincial Bank, at the Cannon Street Hotel, was a record of progress made. Fifty-six new branches were opened during last year; there was an increase of twenty millions on current, deposit and other accounts, while despite a reduction of profits due to trade depression—thanks to a conservative policy followed in the past—the dividend of eighteen per cent. was maintained. Sir Harry spoke hopefully of the present position, in which he suggested there were great possibilities; and that these possibilities would become certainties if some measure of protection were afforded to our trade at an early date. And he stressed the necessity of the exercising of the strictest economy in all Government and municipal expenditure, and pointed out that every effort should be made to reduce the crushing burden of taxation. Most important of all, he added, there must be co-operation between employers and employed, whereby costs of production might be reduced. At the conclusion of the meeting the report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

WONDERS OF THE AGES

SOUND reproduction has advanced so swiftly that the value of Edison's pioneering work is apt to be overlooked.

Standards have risen no less in regard to Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas. The utmost in ease, style and service is identified by the name "Tricoline." Silken texture, lasting and varied colours, perfect fit and reasonable cost are embodied in these garments, sold by leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores everywhere.

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"Tricoline" REGD

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SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS

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Gossard foundations bring naturally beautiful and graceful lines to the figure. They wear with surprising strength. They are easy to adjust on the figure and are quick to launder.

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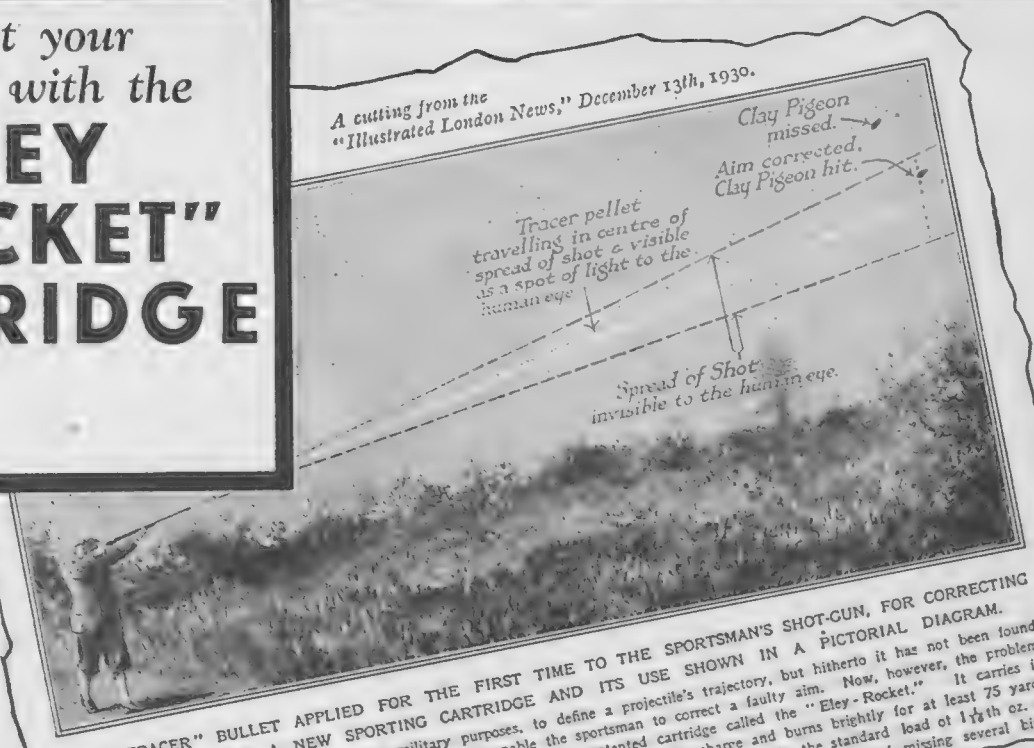


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"Tracer" bullets have long been used for military purposes, to define a projectile's trajectory, but hitherto it has not been found possible to apply the principle to sporting shot-guns, to enable the sportsman to correct a faulty aim. Now, however, the problem has been solved by Imperial Chemical Industries, with a unique and patented cartridge called the "Eley-Rocket." It carries in the centre of the shot-charge a small tracer pellet, which is ignited by the powder charge and burns brightly for at least 75 yards after firing, thus tracing the trajectory. The ballistics remain the same and the shot-charge is the standard load of 1⅛th oz. of shot. In game-shooting or clay-pigeon competitions a wrong aim can thus be quickly corrected, instead of missing several birds before discovering it. The "Rocket" cartridges

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**From harshness, chaps, and uneven redness.**

It softens and nourishes the skin, prevents wrinkles, and gives velvety smoothness to the complexion.

Nothing preserves the complexion better than

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**CRÈME SIMON**

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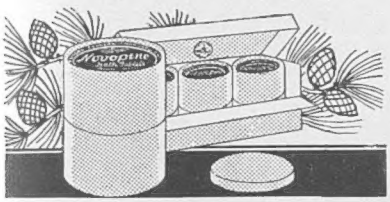


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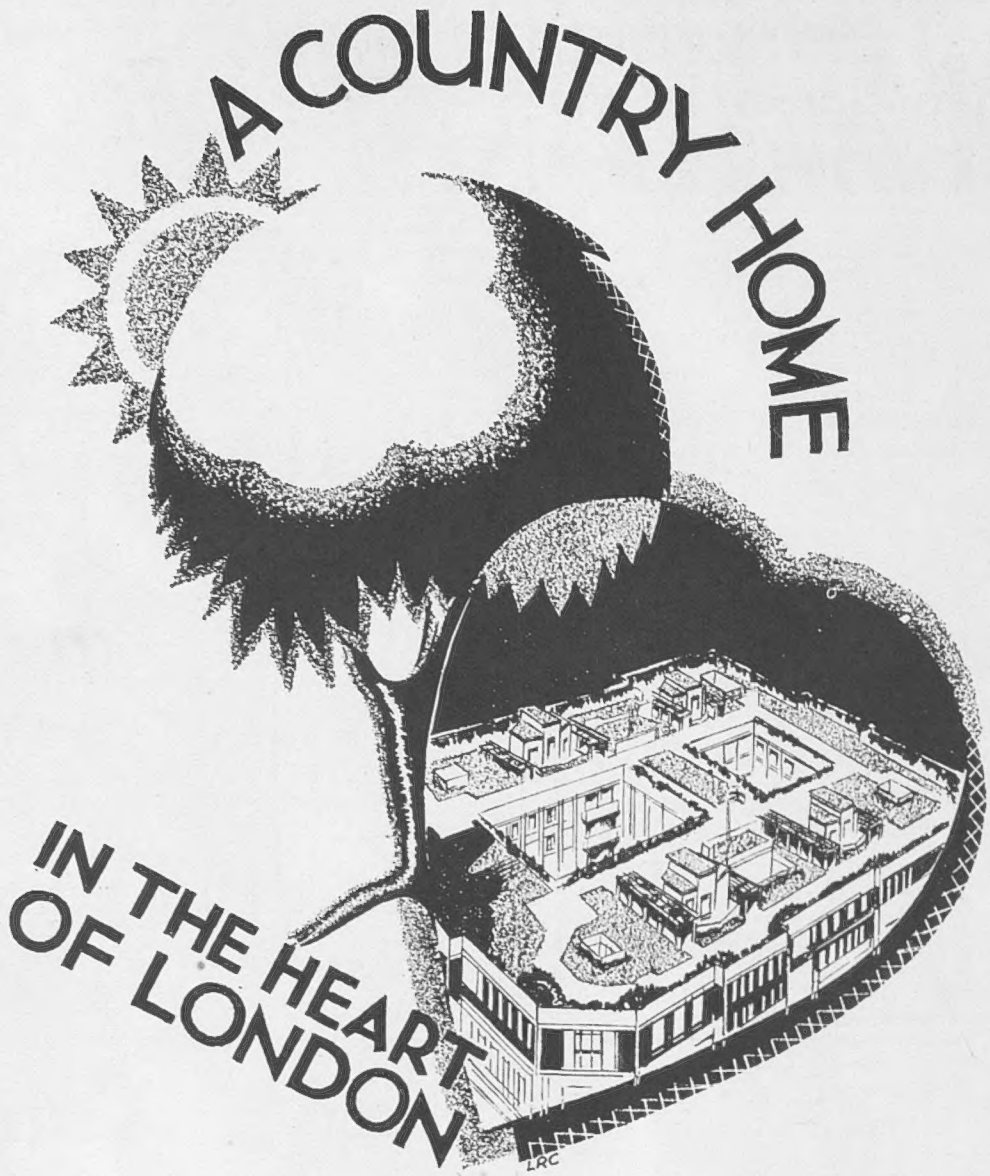


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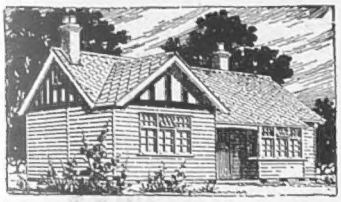

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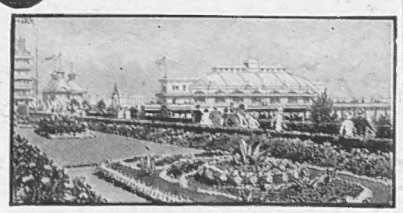

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